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APRIL 6, 1922 EASTER PRICE 15 CENTS

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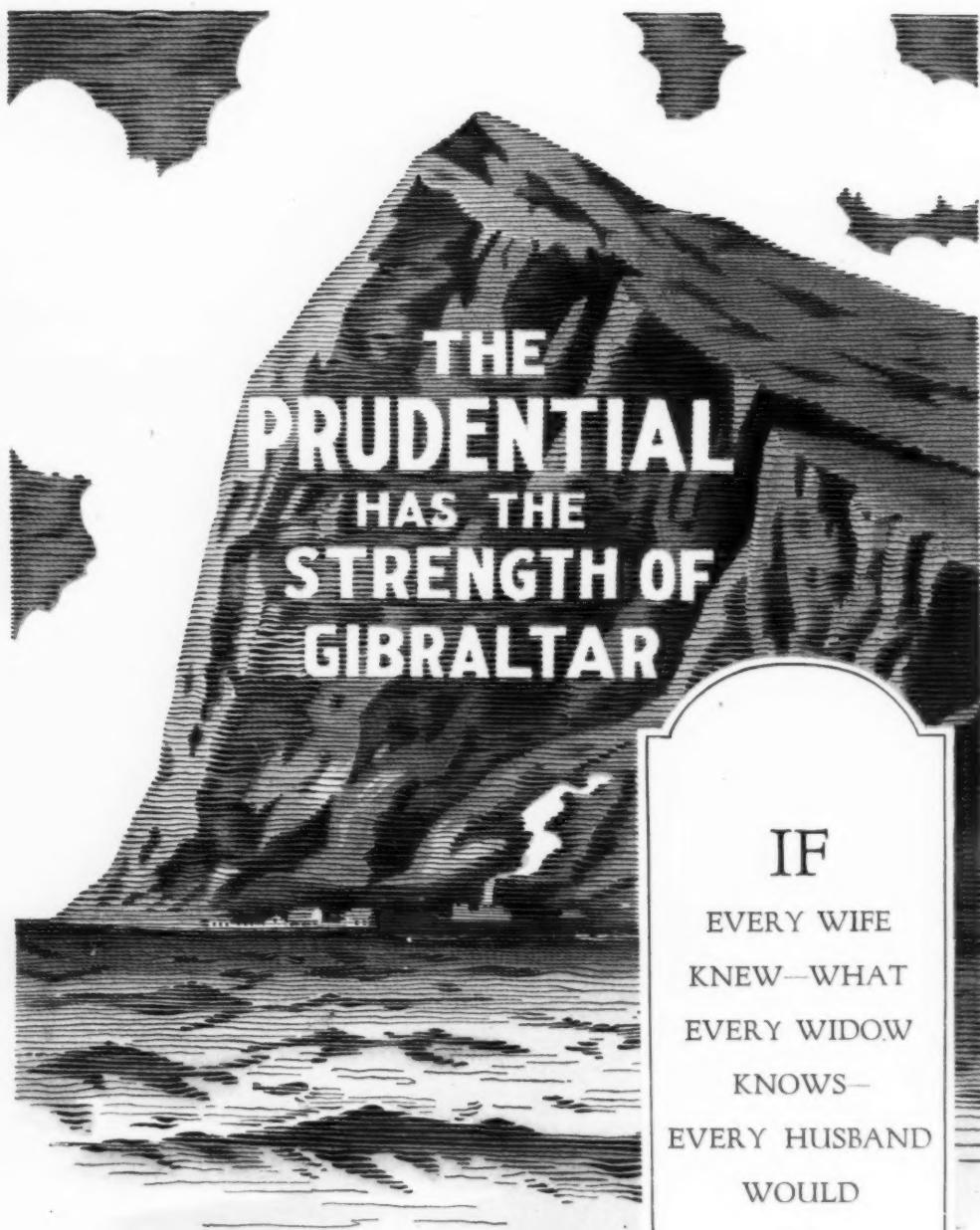
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The Caliph's Easter Egg
Scheherazade's One-Thousand-and
Third Tale

SINBAD the Sailor and Sailbad the Sinner

Hoisted their sails for the sea;
Sinbad the Sailor put forth after dinner,
Sailbad the Sinner, at three.

Scheherazade the fairytale spinner
Waved from the end of the dock;
Sinbad the Sailor and Sailbad the Sinner
Sought for the Egg of the Roc.—

Swift as the flight of the thief from
the bailiff

Sailing by compass and chart,
Bearing the order of Haroun the Caliph,
"Bring me that Egg of my heart!"

Sinbad the Sailor and Sailbad the Sinner,

Pointing their prows to the West,
Craving the honors decreed for the winner,
Fared on their glorious quest;

Coasted the isles that the Harpies inhabit,

Searched the Hesperides through;
Never an Easter Egg laid by a Rabbit,
Only a Roc's Egg would do.

Over delirious deserts they rambled,
Over the mountains they toiled.
What if the Egg should be fatally scrambled!

(Haroun demanded it boiled.)

Djinns they encountered with spiked iron collars,

Dragons, enchanters and whales.
Need I recount their adventures to scholars
Versed in Arabian tales?

What is the end of my legend of wonder?

(What could the reader expect?)
Sinbad the Sailor returned with the plunder,

Sailbad the Sinner was wrecked!

Arthur Guiterman.

Symptomatic Treatment

DOCTOR: But, my dear sir, I can't prescribe whisky for you unless I am convinced that you need it. What are your symptoms?

PATIENT: What symptoms would you suggest, Doctor?

HE: George has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy.

SHE: Another one of those Wall Street failures?

HE: No. He had his car overhauled

Daily Exercises for Millionaires

CLIPPING Coupons: Strip, don gym trunks and take bonds and scissors into steam room of Turkish bath. Raise bonds and scissors over head, inhaling slowly, and elevate right knee as high as it will go. (If left-handed, elevate left knee.) Lower bonds and scissors to level of knee, exhaling slowly, and use knee-cap for a desk, resting bond upon it and clipping coupon. Repeat until day's supply of bonds is exhausted.

Opening Safe Deposit Box: This exercise, if faithfully followed, is a certain reducer of waist measure. Select safe deposit box on tier of boxes nearest floor, and, refusing proffered aid of vault attendant, lean down, bending from the waist, with knees rigid and feet together, insert key and unlock box *yourself*. Do this daily until apoplexy claims its victim.

Pushing Push-Buttons: Have large flat-top desk in private office fitted with row of push-buttons within convenient reach of your chair. Inhaling slowly, instruct your secretary to carry chair around to opposite side of desk. Lean forward flat across ink-well and push buttons, calling in turn Production Manager (exhaling), Sales Manager (inhaling), Efficiency Engineer (exhaling), Building Engineer (inhaling), and Special Cop in the main hall (exhaling). Note: Care should be taken to inhale only after exhaling, otherwise half the benefit of this exercise will be lost.

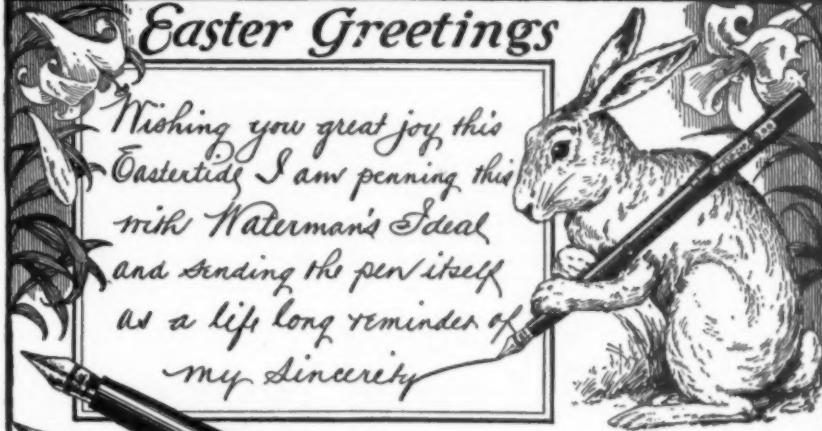
Pounding Desk: This exercise may be taken alone, but more satisfying results are to be obtained in the presence of a room full of people, preferably your employees. Inhaling slowly, summon employees, and, clinching fist, pound desk. Exhaling, raise arm, bending at elbow, and pound desk again.



She: What was the date of the beginning of the war?
He: The day we got married.
—Numero (Turin).

Easter Greetings

Wishing you great joy this Easter tide I am penning this with Waterman's Ideal and sending the pen itself as a life long reminder of my sincerity





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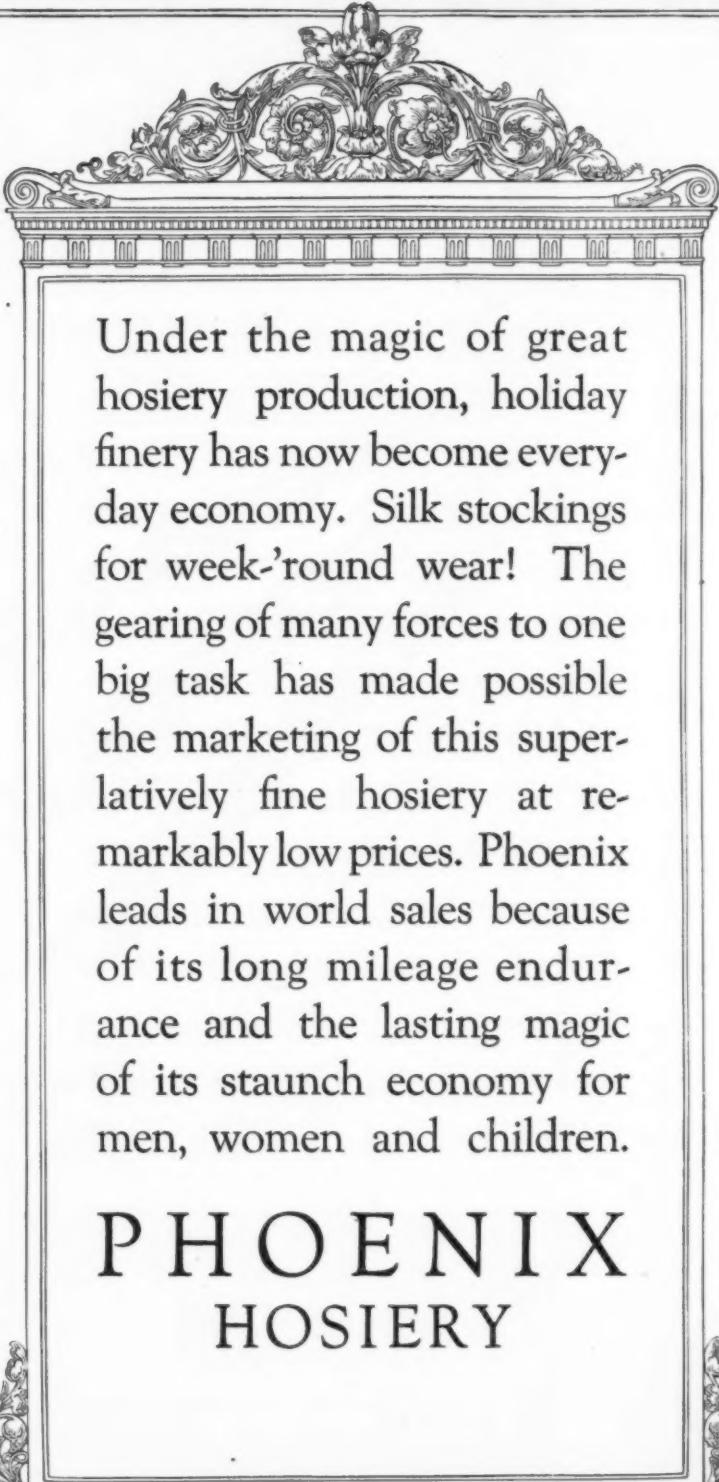
Pick this up ten minutes, or until employees are mildly fatigued. If deemed desirable, words may be spoken briskly during this exercise. Develops ego.

Picking Petals: An admirable exercise, especially for back, shoulder and arm muscles, while riding to and from business conferences in limousine. Lean back in padded seat and, reaching forward with right arm, pick petal from rose in vase across the car. Alternate right, left, right, left, until no petals remain. As you become proficient, and your muscle and wind warrant it, daisies may be substituted for roses. They have more petals and more resisting power.

A. H. F.

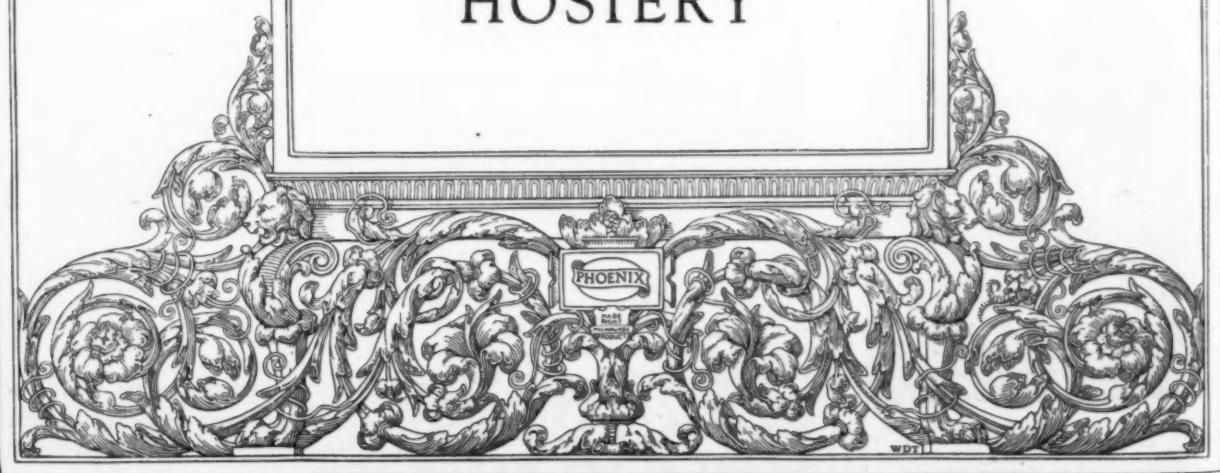
Leisurely

"Can your husband follow a tune?"
"Yes, but he is usually some distance behind."



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PHOENIX HOSIERY



PHOENIX

Life

To Myrtilla, on Easter Day Dorothy Parker

MYRTILLA'S tripping down the street,
In Easter finery.
The Easter blooms are not more sweet
And radiant-hued than she.
The rarest woodland violets were
Less fragrant than her frills,
The sunny-tinted hair of her
Would shame the daffodils.
Ah, many a heart-beat halts and skips,
And sighs pursue her way,
As down the street Myrtilla trips,
This joyous Easter Day.

Myrtilla's tripping gaily by,
In Easter garb arrayed.
Ah, would the lads as deeply sigh
For any other maid?
The lads, they come from far and near;
When down the street she starts;
Oh, lightly step, Myrtilla dear,—
Your path is strewn with hearts.
The maids are held in envy's grips,
For they are left, forlorn,
As down the street Myrtilla trips,
This glorious Easter morn.

Ah, well may echo, sweet as love,
Her laugh's delicious lilt,
For sure she knows the power of
Her Easter bonnet's tilt;
A master wrought, with tender care,
Each dainty frill and flounce;
The fragrance of her, cool and rare,
Costs thirty-five per ounce.
Parisian rouge defines her lips,
And pearls her throat bedeck,—
As down the street Myrtilla trips,
I hope she breaks her neck!





H, isn't the smell delicious?" exclaimed Mrs. Golightly, burying her face in a great vase full of Easter lilies.

"I'm not fond of heavy perfumes," returned Mr. Golightly, lifting a meniacous nose from behind the afternoon paper.

His wife, who could have told him accurately what days in the week a slight aroma of the overpowering new scent "jazz-jasmine" entered the house with him, and just which brilliant member of their jazz circle affected it, made no reply.

"Where did you get all these?" continued Mr. Golightly, turning a languid, polished head from side to side and surveying the white effulgences which bloomed in every corner.

Candor would have led Belinda Golightly to declare that she had ordered them from the nearest florist. She suppressed the impulse. Something in her actively resented, not the occasional aroma of "jazz-jasmine," but the hastily assumed camouflage of disliking powerful scents.

"They just came," she answered, vaguely.

"Just came?" echoed her husband,

with a really excellent laugh. "I dare say. Don't tell me, if you'd rather not, my dear girl," he added, conceding handsomely to himself that sauce for the goose has ever involved sauce for the gander. "Surely you have a right to receive all the lilies in the world, if you want to."

"They came from Bermuda," answered his Belinda, tranquilly.

"Direct to you?"

"Yes."

This was a magnificent lie and Mrs. Golightly enjoyed telling it.

"There are fields and fields of them, you know," she continued, tunefully instructive. "Heavenly! I was rather thinking of slipping down—with the children, of course—and spending the holidays, when you go to Palm Beach."

"Who said I was going to Palm Beach?" demanded Mr. Golightly, with some heat.

His wife drew in an imaginative sniff of "jazz-jasmine."

"I thought the Masons wanted you to go down in their private car."

"Well, I most probably sha'n't."

"It seems a pity."

"A pity!" cried her husband, exasperated. "Why a pity? Do any of your plans hinge on my going to Palm Beach?"

"No, dear, no," returned Belinda, soothingly.

"Well, then, what are you worrying about?"

"Nothing. In fact, if you stay at home I can leave the children with you."

Mr. Golightly treated her to a covertly suspicious glance.

"If there's one time when a family ought to be together," he observed with an air of extreme virtue, "it's Easter. And Christmas, of course, that's another time! A man who's got any feeling about supporting the established order of things,—and I have,—goes to church at Christmas and Easter."

"Yes, dear," agreed his lady. "It must encourage Things Above very much. But won't the smell of the lilies upset you?"

"It may," said Mr. Golightly, with the ghost of a grin, "but to church I shall go, surrounded by my family. And if we have to swoon over lilies, why, swoon we will, right here in New York."

"Yes, dear," again agreed Mrs. Golightly. "But I sha'n't swoon. I like heavy perfumes."

And her grin was entirely internal.

C. D.

Easter Lilies



Breaking It Gently

He: I thought we were engaged?

She: We were.

Spring Song

(In the Expected Manner)

ENTER April, laughingly,
Blossoms in her tumbled hair,
High of heart, and fancy-free—
When was maiden half so fair?
Bright her eyes with easy tears,
Wanton-sweet, she smiles on men.
"Winter's gone," she cries, "and here's
Spring again."

When we loved, 'twas April, too;
Madcap April—urged us on.
Just as she did, so did you—
Sighed, and smiled, and then were
gone.
How she plied her pretty arts,
How she laughed and sparkled then!
April, let love in our hearts
Spring again!

The Never-Owned Dress Suit

FIRST COLLEGE MAN: I want you to come to our dance to-night.

SECOND DITTO: Thanks. Is it formal; or shall I wear my own clothes?



The Secret

When Prudence wears her mask, ah me!
To penetrate the mystery
Of her veiled eyes were verily
A hopeless task.

A secret that betrays no clue
Is there. But that is nothing to
The secret of her eyes, when Prue
Takes off her mask.

My Movie Diary

(Being the true record of a young man whose parents believed in the educational value of the modern motion picture.)

MUNDAY—Saw "The Gultch." 7 reals of thril. 4 kilt, 2 wounded.

Toosday—"Three-Gun Pete," the boy bandit. Grate fighter. 14 kilt, 9 wounded.

Wensday—"Percy's Perils." 8th instalemant. Slick. 3 kilt, 1 wounded.

Thrusday—"The Lure." Punk pitcher. No killin, just kissin. 0 kilt, 0 wounded.

Frieday—Duble feecture day. "The Fightin' Parson" and "Bloody Bill Barnes." 108 kilt, 200 wounded.

Satday—"The Satan's Saw." Full of trics. 1 kilt, lots wounded.

Sunday—No movies. Swiped Pop's gun and shot up town. Kilt 2 dogs, 3 cats, and 1 cow. Wounded Red Myers thru the waste. In jale now. Too bad.

Torrey Ford.

The Dress

MY mind is made up, I will get some Georgette, Or maybe a fine crêpe de Chine, I've decided that pink will be best, made quite short: Though at night-time I look well in green.

My mind is made up, there is nothing like black, I see by the style sheet it's good; However, white dyes and 'twould last me two years, That is, if I got it, it would.

My mind is made up, I'll select a brocade, Something in silver or gold; After all, maybe pink is a trifle too young And there's time for all black when I'm old.

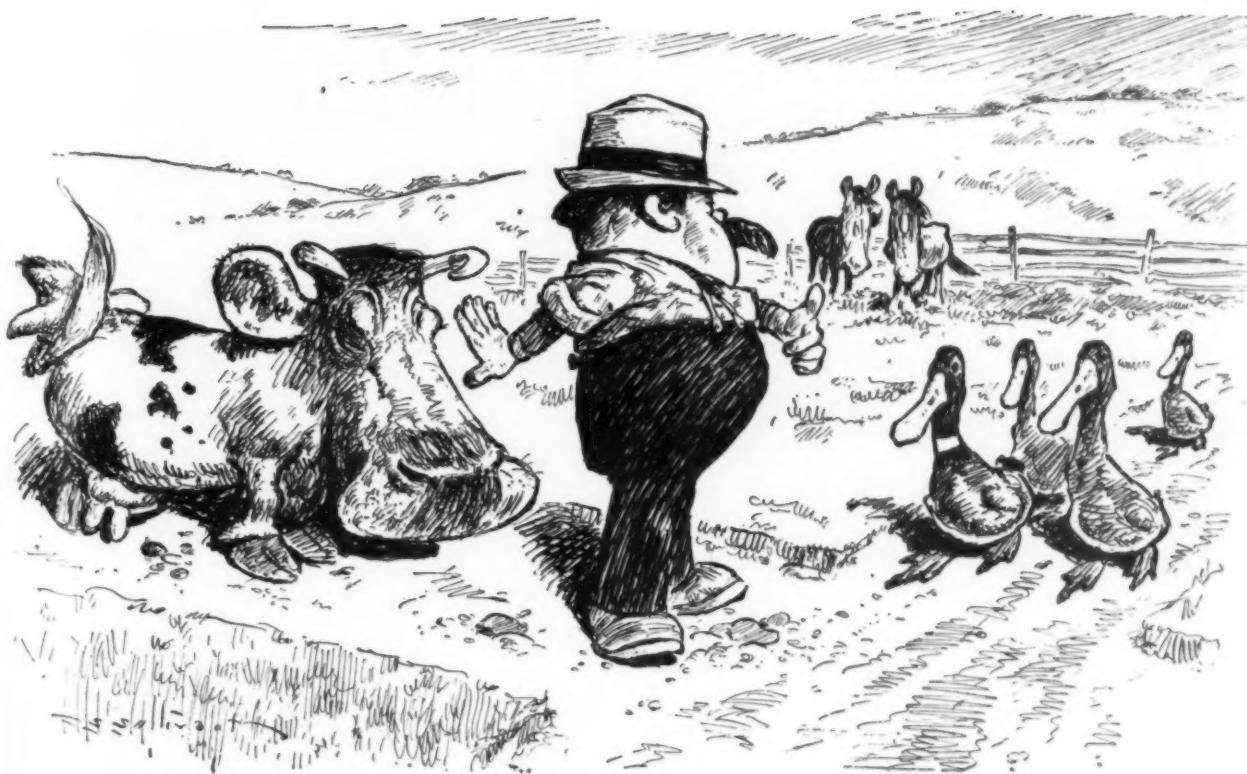
My dress is made up! It's the stunningest thing! Of velvet, embroidered—and long! I bought it so quickly, without any thought, But with blue one can never go wrong.

S. M. P.



Mother: Bobbie, why can't you be good?

Bobbie: Well, Mother, I've asked the Lord a dozen times to make me good, an' I guess now it's up to him.



Ex-Traffic Cop Takes Up Farming

Lo, the Poor Congressman

Is It Right that We Should Feed or Otherwise Annoy Him with Mail?

NOT that our own morning mail is anything but an unqualified nuisance. Not that we wouldn't gladly deflect our correspondence from our doors. Begging letters of amazing scope and ingenuity from the four quarters of the habitable globe. Impressive letters informing us that we have been elected (without the formality of application) members of more or less learned societies, and that the annual dues are \$25. Impudent letters asking our "earnest co-operation" with "boards," and "bureaus," and "campaigns," and committees for regulating the minor morals of the poor. Sentimental letters inquiring our choice of a state flower, or a national vegetable, or a dog-lover's emblem, or a maiden aunt day. Heaven knows, we have troubles of our own without wasting our hearts in pity for our Congressmen.

And yet, and yet—what are our sorrows to theirs? No obligation to our tormentors rests on our shoulders, no benefits accrue to us, and our best friend, the waste-paper basket, gapes

expectantly by our side. But the Congressman who lives, and breathes, and toils, and prays, and sins for re-election, he is at the mercy of his mail. The "storm of protests" which greets his futile efforts to devise a pleasant and profitable tax disconcerts and disheartens him. Making bricks without straw was pastime compared to raising money which nobody will miss.

It is all very well for a Senator to speak of the "organized cowardice" of Congress when the soldiers try to raid the Treasury, and the taxpayers bar the gates, and every mail brings a cargo of letters from the opposing camps. The Congressman is not prejudiced. All he seeks to know is on what side his bread is buttered; and, in a recurrent whirlwind of irreconcilable demands, this is just what he cannot find out. If he scuttles to and fro, more like an alarmed mouse than a man and a legislator, it is because he has received, and is always receiving, what the *New York Times*, in a spirit of refined cynicism, calls "Light from Home."

And the remedy? It doesn't seem possible to make writing to a Congressman a felony. It doesn't seem easy to eliminate successive terms. We might, of course, elect men who—but that would be hardest of all.

Agnes Repplier.

The Growing Horrors of Home Life

IT is announced by the telephone companies that they expect soon to have wireless machines installed in households. Not content with furnishing us with a system whereby the neighbors can break in upon our self-enforced solitude by day or night, and the salesmen for incipient automobile concerns can insist upon meeting us and demonstrating the hill-climbing qualities of the "only car in the market"—the telephone companies now propose to add to these horrors by linking us up with musical opera "successes" and clergymen grown savage with oratory. No wonder the home is going!



Life's Calendar for April



By Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman

1—Sa.—Little boy who tied a string to a purse on April 1, 1882, celebrates fortieth anniversary of event by paying \$24 for a pair of tickets to a Broadway musical show, 1922.

2—Su.—Bootleg whisky invented; Socrates first victim, 399 B. C. United States mint established; W. J. Burns begins series of magazine articles on how he runs down counterfeitors, 1792. Charles L. Frantic elected first mayor of Manhattan Transfer, 1924.



3—M.— Washington Irving born, 1783. B. V. D. joke first used in musical comedy, 1802. Edward Everett Hale born, 1822. David C. Gripple, Worcester, Mass., walks a mile and a quarter for a Camel, 1922.

4—Tu.—Hendrik Hudson discovers Hudson River, East Side settlers up to then having been afraid to cross Fifth Avenue, 1609. Speaker at banquet stays within five minutes of time allotted, 1917.

5—W.—New York Chamber of Commerce established; regular business men's lunches invented, 1768. Mrs. Mary Lascelles pays clipping bureau bill of \$827,526—1922.

6—Th.— First Constitutional Congress meets in New York City; members attend Hippodrome as guests of Charles B. Dillingham, 1789. Candle stays erect in candlestick, 1902. Peary reaches North Pole; Dr. Cook's name not in guest book, 1909. U. S. declares war against Germany, 1917.

7—F.—New York man walks under ladder and receives letter telling him that his aunt has died and left him two apartment houses, 1912.

8—Sa.—Duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph, Georgetown, Va.; Mayor of Georgetown starts probe, 1826. Man hears own name distinctly pronounced by page in hotel, 1938.

9—Su.— La Salle takes possession of Louisiana; Herman J. Fingle appointed State superintendent of praline factories, 1862. Lee surrenders to Grant at Appomattox; Augustus Thomas begins first Civil War play, 1865.

10—M.—S. P. C. A. organized, 1866. Entire family goes through family entrance of saloon, 1908.

11—Tu.—Mayor of Carthage throws out first ball at opening of season of Afro-Indo Baseball League, 152 B. C. Italian cabinet resigns, 1914-22, incl.

12—W.—Henry Clay, famous breeder of pigeons, born, 1777. First pony express; movie cameraman wounded by poisoned arrow, 1860. Fort Sumter bombarded, 1861.

13—Th.—Thomas Jefferson born, 1743. James Harper born, 1795; Harper's Monthly prints first anecdote about what little W— said when Bishop F— came to tea, 1842.

14—F.—Abraham Lincoln assassinated, 1865.

15—Sa.—Westinghouse patents the air brake, 1869; New York subway passengers celebrate fiftieth anniversary by falling off their seats when trains stop, 1919.



16—Su.—Slavery abolished in District of Columbia, 1862; copyreaders on Congressional Record laugh hysterically at the idea, 1922. Lillian E. Dosp, telephone operator, wins world's trilling record by taking one and three-quarter minutes to pronounce the word "three," 1922.

17—M.— Virginia secedes from the Union, 1861. Man buys hat in Fifth Avenue shop without being introduced to salesman by floorwalker, 1921.

18—Tu.—General Scott wins battle of Cerro Gordo, 1847. San Francisco earthquake, 1906. Woman refolds newspaper in original creases, 1965.

19—W.— Battle of Lexington, 1775. Clayton-Bulwer treaty, providing for joint occupancy of Nicaragua Canal, signed; fireworks and dancing in streets of New York and London, 1850. Publishers' blurb invented, 1852.

20—Th.—S. Loo Chung, of Canton Falls, China, pays election bet lost on Ming dynasty by rolling lichi nut the length of the Great Wall, 1352-1412. Bell tinkles when actor pulls stage bell rope, 1918.

21—F.—Lady fingers invented by wife of Lord Gareth Finger, 1871. Proprietor of drug store stabs soda clerk for serving customer prior to purchase of check, 1919. Annual call of Great North Woods heard again in magazines, 1922.

22—Sa.— Indian Territory thrown open to settlers, 1889. Toastmasters begin introducing Irvin S. Cobb as Irving S. Cobb, 1913. U. S. forces capture Vera Cruz, 1914. James Buchanan, fifteenth president, born, 1791.

23—Su.—Shakespeare dies; blow almost kills James K. Hackett, 1616. Stephen Douglas born, 1813.

24—M.—Boston News Letter, first permanent American newspaper, published for first time; Katzenjammer Kids born, 1704. Munsey buys Boston News Letter, 1714.

25—Tu.— U. S. declares war on Spain, 1898. War loan of \$200,000,000 to Great Britain; W. R. Hearst feels it keenly, 1917. Donald M. McSmith, retired painter of bock beer signs, dies, leaving fortune of more than a million, 1921.

26—W.—Last Confederate army surrenders to Gen. Sherman, 1865. Jamestown Exposition opens; Coney Island yawns slightly, 1907. Unknown vagrant giving name of William Hohenzollern arrested for annoying photographers at Doorn, Holland, with pleas for their services, 1926.

27—Th.—Samuel F. Morse, inventor, born, 1791. U. S. Grant born, 1822. First bombardment of Spanish War; "Goodbye, Dolly Gray" gets ready to be written, 1898.

28—F.—James Monroe, fifth President, born, 1758. Stores named in his honor move upstairs, 1900. Early vegetable which owner thought would be a beet turns out to be a beet, 1915.

29—Sa.— Mrs. James Swipney, New York, on phoning for a moving van for use May 1, is told that she may expect one, 1921. Spring crime wave begins in New York, 1922. Wallace Reid goes through entire picture without a dinner coat, 1929.

30—Su.—George Washington inaugurated, 1789. Louisiana Purchase, 1803. Summer heat turned on in telephone booths, 1900. Pathé News photographer goes crazy trying to decide which public school Maypole dance he'll photograph to-morrow in Central Park, 1922.





Signs of Spring

Leaving No Stone Unturned

FEMINISM'S strong band, organized under the name of the Lucy Stone League, is resolved that the identity of the wife shall not be merged in that of the husband.

Henceforth the matron will retain her maiden name. Such is the edict. And here is what it means to be Lucy Stoned:

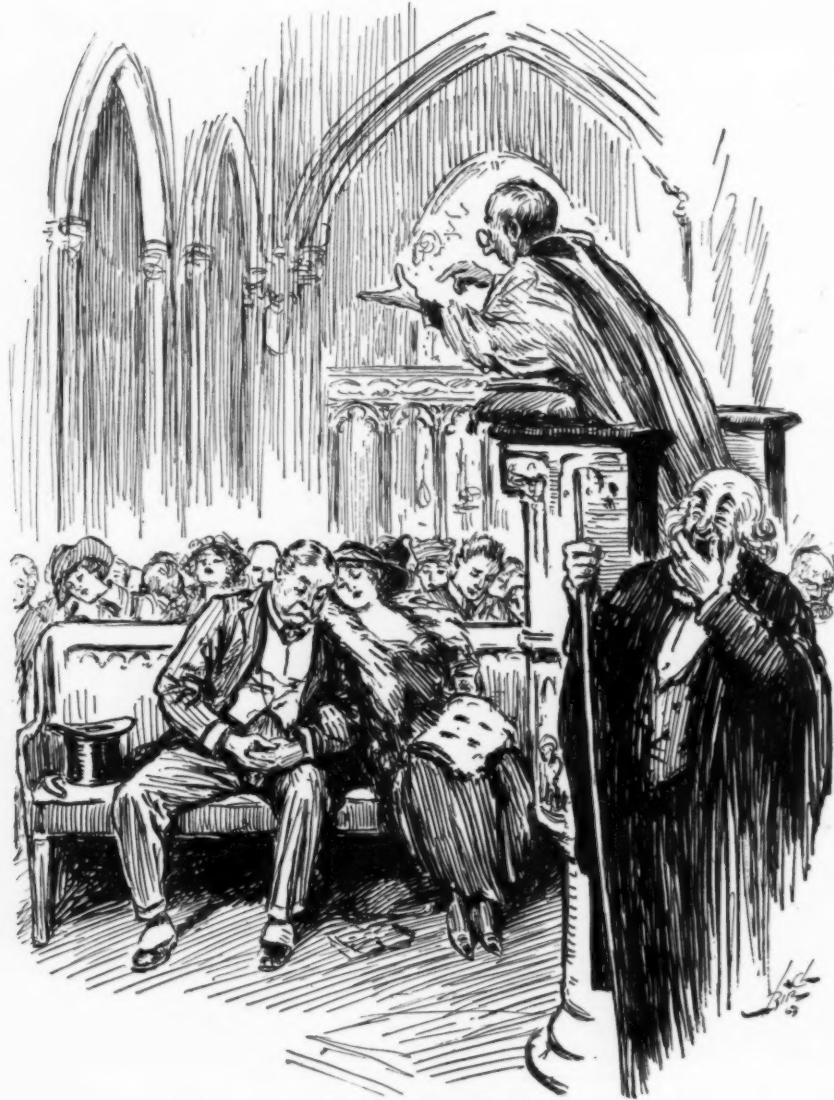
Lucy Stoned

Felipa Moniz de Perestrello
Martha Dandridge
Mary Todd
Victoria Guelph
Gladys Smith
Marie Rose Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie
Catherine the Great
Lydia Pinkham
Mrs. Winslow
Mrs. Malaprop

Only Her Husband's Name

Christopher Columbus
George Washington
Abraham Lincoln
Albert Wettin
Douglas Fairbanks
Napoleon Bonaparte
Legion (Russian, not American.)
Mr. Pinkham
Mr. Winslow
Henry Ford

J. K. M.



The Day of Rest

Clothes and the Man

DO clothes make the man, or does man make the clothes?

Timothy Needleton, being bachelor and iconoclast, would admit that man made the clothes. The outer clothes, he conceded, might have some influence in making the man. But beyond mere appearances their importance ceased. For the purpose of Mrs. Gohard's dinner party, his time-honored, veteran dinner jacket would look easily as neat as anybody's. True, its lining was in tatters, but a few long pieces of white adhesive tape kept the loose fringe out of sight. Then his waistcoat was held together nicely in back by large safety pins. His cuffs were kept at the proper height by strong hemp cord. So that after trimming the frayed edge of his stiff bosom shirt with a razor, and putting on his coat, Timothy Needleton appeared the very personification of "The Well-Dressed Man."

"One never takes one's coat off at a dinner party," he assured himself. "I sha'n't, no matter what happens."

The dinner was almost uneventful.

But Mrs. Gohard was mortified that her waitress should have spilt salad dressing down Mr. Needleton's back. She must needs insist that he let the maid take his coat and wash out the oil before it left a permanent stain.

"NO!" cried Needleton, clutching desperately at his coat. "My mother left me a secret recipe that takes out spots. My coat can wait till I get home."

Bravely spoken, perhaps, but the shock had killed his nerve. He could no longer look anyone in the face. Protruding safety pins and fringes of tattered lining haunted his imagination. His clothes, even his unseen, neglected clothes, made him a coward. He would leave right after coffee.

"But Mr. Needleton," insisted Angelica Gohard, "we absolutely need you for charades."

The word was to be Dignity. "DIG-KNIT-TEA," Angelica announced in whispered conference. "It's easy to act Dignity."

Needleton threw out his chest. After all, except for the spot on his back, he was perfect in outward appearance.

"I'll pour TEA for the last syllable," continued Angelica. "Now for DIG, Mr. Needleton is to take his coat off, roll up his cuffs, and swing this pickax —won't it be funny?"

"You'll have to excuse me," stammered Needleton in the midst of a cold chill, "my doctor strictly forbids exercise—my heart, you know."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Then you can help me act KNIT. I'm knitting this sweater for my brother at Cambridge. You're exactly his size and I want you to try it on. You'll have to take your coat off—"

"No, please—I must be careful about exposure—"

"But you'll feel quite warm when you put the sweater on. I do so want to see how it looks."

Needleton could think of no decent excuse. He retreated in confusion to a far corner of the parlor and lit a cigarette. But his hands shook, and the match set fire to the window curtain. The flames spread rapidly.

"Mercy!" screamed Angelica from across the room. "Take your coat off and smother it."

Here, surely, was a man's chance to show courage and action. But alas! Needleton was not properly dressed for either. His clothes, even his unseen, neglected clothes, unmanned him. He fled in ignominy from the burning house.

"Even if clothes don't actually make the man," mused Needleton on his way to Australia, "lack of clothes certainly unmakes him."

Richard Buel.

See America First

"TWENTY-EIGHT miles to the Hotel Wilmerding" . . . "BULL DURHAM" . . . "Burrow's Rustless Screens—All Cities" . . . "Picture Ahead—Kodak As You Go" . . . "BULL DURHAM" . . . "Try Peppo-Cola—The Enemy of Thirst" . . . "Twenty-two miles to the Hotel Wilmerding" . . . "Chesterfields—I'll Say They Satisfy!" . . . "That Good Gulf Gasoline" . . . "Picture Ahead—Kodak As You



"Goo! goo!"
"Line's busy."

Go" . . . "Schenck's Mandrake Liver Pills" . . . "BULL DURHAM" . . . "Put Your Best Effort Into Everything You Do To-day—Rotary Club Members" . . . "Blue Label Ketchup" . . . "You are now entering the town of Milchville, where the first trolley car in America was built. It was on the occasion of the car's first trip that Sitting Bull arose and offered his seat to a lady—*Goodrich's History of America*" . . . "Gorton's Boneless Codfish" . . . "You Fought For Your Country—Now Work For It!"—Rotary Club Members" . . . "BULL DURHAM" . . . "Eleven miles to the Hotel Wilmerding."

R. E. S.

Gone

ALL, all are gone,
A And I alone am left
Of that gay throng,
Alone—bereft.

The merry voice,
Now silent as the tomb,
No more is heard—
All, all is gloom.

But only spectres
Haunt the shrouded past
And ling'ring here,
Weird shadows cast.
* * *

Aye, they are gone,
And I alone recall,
They quaffed—but I refused—
Wood alcohol.

Thornton Fisher.



"Be 'dumb,' sweet maid, let those who will be clever."

The Simple Life

YES, indeed! Bankers lead a care-free life, a life of ease and comfort.

I am a banker.

On Monday two of my customers went into bankruptcy, netting the bank a tidy loss. During the afternoon I explained to the directors why I had loaned these customers the money with which to go bankrupt.

Tuesday afternoon I took my weekly lesson, at the Armory, in the fine art of shooting the bandit before the bandit had a chance to shoot me. I left, convinced that nowhere was a bandit safer than before my gun.

Wednesday evening was given over to a lecture by a prominent criminologist on the most up-to-date methods of bank swindlers. It left me with great confidence in such of my fellow-men as have died.

Thursday I attended the funeral of one of our messengers who had been shot while delivering a payroll. His mother's grief made my evening a sweet dream.

On Friday I attended a dinner at which the principal speaker announced that only the bankers of America could work out the salvation of Europe.

I devoted Saturday to the filling out of my customers' income tax returns.

To-day is Sunday.

This is a pleasant sanitarium.

But really, bankers do lead a care-free life; a life of ease and comfort.

C. F. M.

Life



Lines

SENATOR BORAH doesn't believe Secretary Hughes wrote the treaty. Perhaps it was the ghost of Francis Bacon.

JHenry Ford may produce potash at Muscle Shoals, but it's a good bet he doesn't try to turn out any Perlmutters.

JCharity covers a multitude of ballroom gown descriptions.

JIndianapolis co-eds have discarded galoshes for high boots of the trout-fishing variety. There will be a lot of tall rubbering out there.

JThe members of Congress, if laid end to end, would reach from Vladivostok almost to Baku, and a lot of people are in favor of it.

JDirigibles are reported to be carrying beer cargoes from Milwaukee to Chicago. Where's the Anti-Balloon League?

JAccording to the scientists we may suppose our first ancestors were Atom and Eveolution.

JAny flapper can dress on \$87.55 a year provided she only has her hair dressed.

JA motor company offers a \$1000 prize for the best ode on "The Spirit of Transportation." Some bootlegging concern should do the same for the best ode on "The Transportation of Spirit."

JHalf the Senate is for beating our swords into ploughshares and the other half is for beating about the bush.

JSavants claim to have transmuted one metal into another. Shucks! For years the movie magnates have been transmuting ivory into gold.

JThe Broadway play producer, like the Forty-niner, seems to be chiefly interested in pay dirt.

What this country needs now is a good picture of Joe Cannon without a cigar in his mouth.

The baseball season is open, and the League of Nations is now one of the minor leagues.

J"Gasoline and whisky do not mix," said a sage magistrate of the traffic court. But apparently the bootleggers don't know about it.

JOur idea of a bad insurance risk is any one of the three men who have opened an office to adjust domestic difficulties.

JThirty thousand dollars' worth of beer was seized in New York. That much worth of the present kind of beer would be, roughly speaking, about six Pacific Oceans.

JWhy not the House of Inexpres-sives?

JA prominent prohibition person says that the fines for violating prohibition laws will pay for their enforcement.

JAt last the secret of perpetual motion!

JThere are 13,380,000 pessimists in the United States. We get our information from the annual report of the telephone companies.

JA Harvard professor announces that George Washington had false teeth, which explains why "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile" was not the marching song of the Revolutionary Army.

JAny man will testify that a camel can pass through the eye of a needle much more readily than thread will.

J"Bryan will run for the Senate from Florida."—*News Item*. Why not from Virginia or Maryland? It's a much shorter run.

JDraws \$50 Fine and 30 Days for Kissing Woman.—*Headline*. He got off easy. The offender usually draws a life sentence.



Sloppy Galoshes

(According to Sir John Suckling)

HER feet below her calf-length skirt
In huge galoshes loosely girt
Come flopping, left and right;
And while she sloshes onward thus,
The waltzing hippopotamus
Is not so fair a sight!

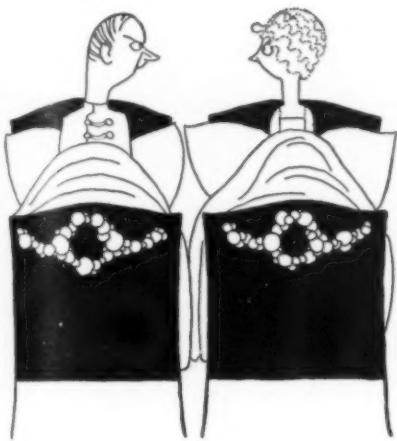
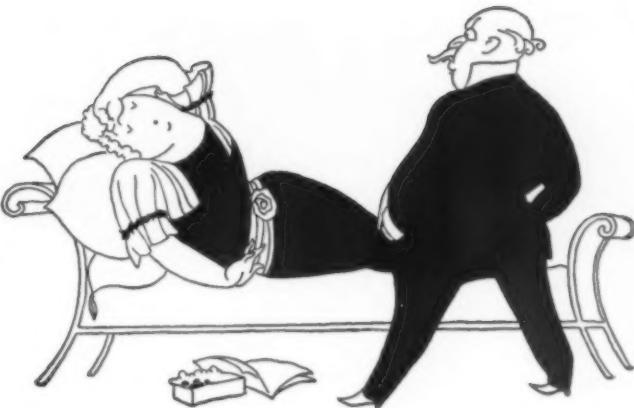
A. G.

Congress will keep on sending out seeds till the constituents commence throwing back the vegetables.

Call the Doctor

A Few of the Ailments That the Human Race Enjoys

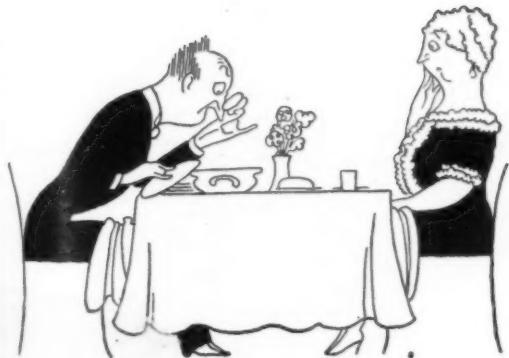
Mrs. Fannie Witherspoon is simply a bundle of nerves. She will tell you so every time you see her, and will explain how terribly the crudities of life grate on her. Among the crudities she apparently includes Mr. W., since contact with him over the housekeeping bills is almost sure to provoke an attack. "I'm really too highly strung to argue," she tells him, and once in a moment of extreme irritation the crude Mr. W. was heard to mutter that highly strung was just what she ought to be.



On your left, Mr. and Mrs. Blatch are greeting the dawn. "I didn't close my eyes all night," sighs Bella. "Well," snarls Alfred, "I only wish I had slept as well as you." "What do you mean? I heard the clock strike every hour." "Huh. Every time I looked at you, you were sleeping like a log." "Indeed. It was your snoring that kept me awake." "Indeed." The morning grape-fruit is eaten in silence.



Miss Patricia Mulligan, general house-work at the Thacher Blairs', has a weak heart. On Thursday afternoons and Sundays it gives her no trouble at all, but the rest of the week she can't be too careful. Not that she isn't willing; oh, dear no. "Oh, I'll sweep the floor, if you want to ask me to, me with this weak heart. But I've the doctor's word for it, it's dead you'll have me on your hands."



Mr. Fluker has to be careful about what he eats. After listening to him you realize that all foods are divided into three classes—those that are poison to him; those that he can eat if he is willing to pay for it later, and milk toast. At the moment he is discussing with Mrs. Fluker the advisability of attempting some creamed codfish—the doctor has recommended a bit of fish now and then, but the cream sauce is almost certain to disagree.



Since the chief reason for having an ailment is in being able to talk about it, there ought to be certain conversational rules to observe. For example, Miss Snibb, with a doctor and eleven medicines, obviously has the right of way over Miss Mefferts, with nothing more than a common cold. Yet Miss Mefferts has taken up so much time explaining the exact nature and location of her cough, that Miss Snibb has barely reached the third of her fourteen symptoms.

GLUYAS. WILLIAMS



APRIL 6, 1922

Vol. 79, No. 2057



EASTER again, and welcome as it always is! In this latitude it really brings the Spring, and the more so when it comes late as it does this year. As the sun grows warmer all life picks up a bit, the earth begins to adorn itself and all the girls get new hats, world without end, Amen!

Is the world any better off this Easter than it was a year ago? The optimists will think it is, and find basis for that belief in a number of things accomplished in politics, the Irish agreement and the achievements of the Armament Conference foremost among them. There is going on among the western nations a slow adjustment to existing facts, an adjustment that does not wait for agreement of opinion about what the facts are, but meets them day by day and week by week, and contrives to live in harmony with them or in spite of them. There are still two great groups in the world, one that thinks that things will go on presently as before the war, the other that feels that old things have passed away and a new deal is proceeding. One would not restrict either group in its opinions, since out of the haggle between them will come the rearrangement of society in whatever form it takes.

Believers in the new era find support for their opinions in the amount of new knowledge that is intruding upon the human understanding all the time. One line of it is very proper to Easter thoughts and hopes. Various people nowadays are trying to prove immortality. The spiritists in general are more or less busy with that, but some of the quietest and most developed of them are working in very curious and interesting ways to bring the belief

in the survival of human personality within the reach of science. They think it can be proved so that scientists will recognize it. They think it is important so to prove it, and they bring great devotion and remarkable powers and accomplishments to the effort to do so.



CHRISTIAN belief in immortality rests on evidence of eye witnesses that is nearly two thousand years old. There is no religious objection that one can think of to fortifying it with new evidence. Favorable to the efforts that are making to do so, is an increase of knowledge, which helps scientific men to understand things that have been inaccessible to the scientific mind. Apparently man does not change much in mental powers or general character, but he does change very materially in his command of knowledge. If immortality is a fact—if it is true that we die into life and that the dead are really living and perhaps concerned actively in our affairs—that is a scientific fact as well as a religious one. It can be accepted by faith and has been so accepted. It is the very pith of the Christian religion. But it can also be accepted by science if science can find due basis for it. The provision of such basis seems now to be going on, and if it is successfully accomplished, it is likely to be a great factor in the better understanding of human life and the improvement in the relations of men and nations which constitutes the chief aim of the world politics.

Altogether the most hopeful sign in the world this Easter is the increase of knowledge and the growing interest of scientists in concerns that we have been used to define as spiritual, and

used to think of as outside of the possibility of proof that science could accept.



THE wrangles over the bonus are still proceeding at this writing in Congress and in the newspapers, and are troubling the minds of many observers. Five individual members of the American Legion, who hail from Amherst, Mass., have written to the Springfield *Republican* to correct "an unfortunate impression that the ex-service men generally are trying to force the United States to grant a bonus whether it wishes to or not." That impression is unfortunate, as these men say, and not so well founded as appears, and does need very much to be corrected. What they say about it is to the point, to wit:

A large proportion of the men are simply waiting to see what will be done. They gave their services as a matter of duty, asking nothing in return.

The coming years will show them to be not parasites, but self-reliant Americans, asking no favors for the time they lost from civilian life.

In some instances we know that aid given now would not only help the ex-soldier but the country he fought for. We are loyal to the national officers of the American Legion and recognize that they have sought to help the men.

The people of America should understand that the ex-service men as a whole, to-day as during the war, put service for the country above any other consideration. It is for the country to decide what shall be done.

All of those statements seem to us to be true, not universally, but generally, of the service men. At any rate they are true of a great many of them, and we wish to believe that a large majority of the members of the Legion share them. To have the men, who put on khaki in the war years, regarded as

persons chiefly interested in an assault on the treasury, is an injustice and a very great evil. We believe that comparatively few of them have been active in the demands for the bonus. When one comes to examine that demand one finds that the whole American community shares more or less in the fault of it so far as it is wrong. In the industrial civilization in which we live, the propensity has been to measure everything by money, and to feel that the chief end of justice is to secure fair pay for work done. When the bonus advocates say, "We went to the war, or at least were drafted, and lost a lot of time, and fellows who did not go got ahead of us in our absence," there is a basis of truth in that in many cases. The men who put on khaki did not make much money in that dress. The valuable things that they got included, in some cases, discipline, experience, and entire change of scene and habits, which for some of them had an educational value. Besides that they won a preferred place in the esteem of their fellows. There is no ques-

tion that it is put down to the credit of the service men that they were soldiers in the great war. All over the country their names are printed on honor rolls, sometimes in churches, often on big tablets erected in conspicuous places in towns and villages. That it is valuable to have it in one's record that he was a soldier in the great war there is no doubt, but in the arguments for the bonus that value has been ignored. The service men who want the bonus simply say—Our business interests were sacrificed for the good of the country. The country is rich and ought to make good to us for what we didn't earn when wages were high.



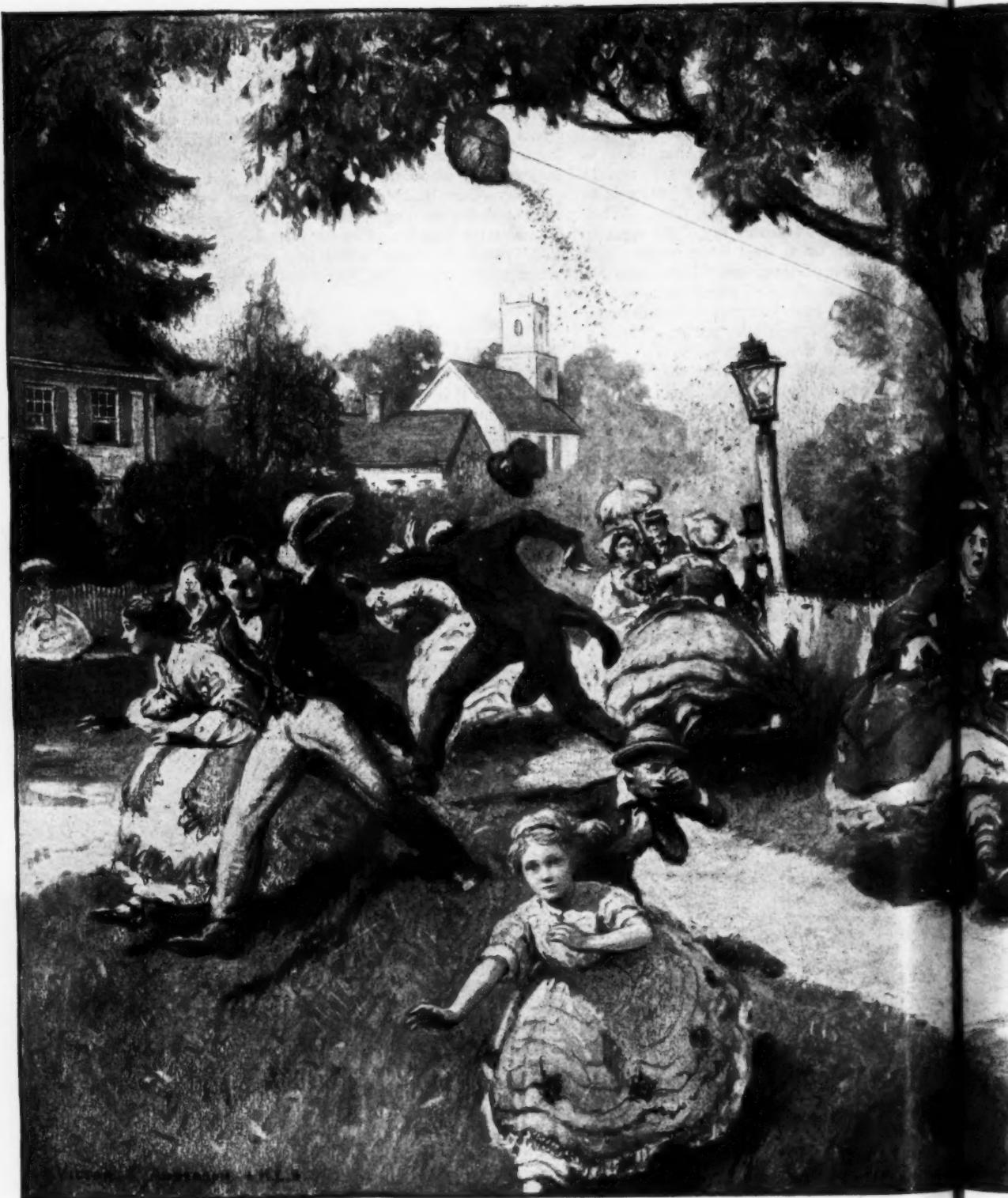
NOW the main difference between the men who went to the war, whether as volunteers or drafted men, and the men who stayed at home was a difference of age. Back of every volunteer and faithful conscript soldier there were older people, men and women, who were ready to back the

war with everything they had, their lives included. And they did so back it. They were not laggards nor did they hesitate at risks or sacrifices. Some of the arguments of some of the bonus advocates are extremely injurious to the people to whom they look to pay the bonus taxes. They tend to rate them all as profiteers whose first concern about the war was to make money out of it. The great mass of the taxpayers are no richer because of the war. Most of them are poorer. The profits of extravagance and inflation mostly evaporated in the after-war deflation. The big job nowadays which is at the bottom of the most serious opposition to the bonus, is to keep business going so that failures may be prevented, the taxes paid and general distress averted. The disposition is strong and general to deal generously with the service man. In the end he will get his dues to the full and something over, but not, let us hope, by defaming honest opposition to his wishes, or by putting political pistols to the head of Congress.

E. S. M.



Sunshine and Shadow



Disturbers of the Pe

LIFE .



ber the Peace



Three Old Men

"VOLTAIRE" is one of those historical plays the first hour of which must be spent by the audience in weeding out and allocating the French names which are being bandied about. Strange people in ornate costumes are constantly rushing on and off, explaining to each other that "d'Alembert" has seen "Freron" and that the "Duc de Navailles" has said that the "Marquis de Villette" knows all about "Moisnel," until your eyes gradually become crossed and you waver slowly from side to side like a movie comedian who has been stunned by a blow on the head.

It is also necessary during the first act for successive groups of characters to confide to each other certain facts concerning the social and political condition of France at the time. This is one disadvantage of most historical drama. At some time or other during the early part of the play, one character must draw another over into a corner and, after looking up and down the hall to see that no one is spying, whisper:

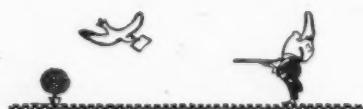
"As you know, Louis XV is King of France at present. As you also know, the year is 1765. Things are rapidly approaching a crisis in our social structure which will take the form of a revolution in 1789. Have you seen de Mouquisac since he killed Suissonhuit?"

All this may be necessary, but it makes slow going for those out front.

Arnold Daly was selected to play *Voltaire* probably because he had a dressing-gown handy. In him we see the aged philosopher as a combination of the *Vagabond* in "The Tavern" and something that Chic Sale might do on an off-night.

And, although Mr. Arthur Hopkins is mentioned as having produced the play, one feels that he must have been bound and gagged and thrown in a subcellar during rehearsals, for the cast, led with gusto by the star, seize upon every speech of more than three sentences and declaim it as if it were Friday afternoon visitors' hour in the Seventh Grade.

Considered as the first work of two extremely young playwrights, the Misses Leila Taylor and Gertrude Purcell, "Voltaire" is a remarkable opus, carrying signs of careful application to the study of other historical plays, "Fifty Bright Sayings of Voltaire," and Professor Baker's notes on Dramatic Plumbing. There really is no fault that can be found with it, except as an evening's entertainment.



IN "The Truth About Blayds," Mr. Milne of London again shows that it isn't necessary to be an expert playwright

to write a superior play. The Misses Taylor and Purcell could probably show Mr. Milne a great deal about his plays which might be smoother. It could be pointed out that after getting away to a strong start, they are likely to lie down and roll around in the grass, sometimes never getting up at all until after the final curtain. In a practical dramatic workshop course they would be marked with a low C and a request that Mr. Milne see the instructor after class. But they are delightful entertainment.

In "The Truth About Blayds" the delight is more ironic than in "Mr. Pim" or "The Dover Road," and, after seeing this instance of a spurious poet obtaining riches and undying fame on the works of a dead unknown, you leave the theatre with a grim distrust of all literary reputations and a suspicion that sooner or later it will turn out that Longfellow was a crook (at the thought of which exposure you have an entirely unwarranted feeling of satisfaction).

The fact that the play is splendidly acted by a cast including O. P. Heggie, Alexandra Carlisle and Ferdinand Gottschalk, and given a beautifully rich setting of Norman-Bel Geddes' at Winthrop Ames' expense, may have something to do with the almost ecstatic satisfaction you feel as you think the whole thing over.



TAKING a cue from Mr. Craven's "The First Year" of married life, Henry Myers has written "The First Fifty Years" to show that things get practically no better as time goes on. The title and the idea are more novel than the execution, and yet it was inevitable that the play, as a whole, should be interesting. And in spots it is a great deal more than that.

The fact that Clare Eames and Tom Powers, who are the only members of the cast, are able to keep you from getting tired of them before the evening is over, is no small tribute to their acting. They show the various facial, vocal and sartorial changes which are supposed to take place in people as they grow older (people seem to age much more thoroughly on the stage than in real life), and do it with pretty consistently good effect.

Mr. Powers, in particular, leaps successfully across the chasm which separates the aged *Martin Wells* from the sprightly Mr. Powers we used to know in musical comedy, and proves that he is capable of doing more than bounding in dressed in tennis flannels and calling, "Hello, everybody!" as a cue-line for a song. Miss Eames, too, is occasionally splendid and always intelligent in a rôle far removed from her own regal bailiwick, but is constitutionally unable at times to keep from giving the effect of Mary Stuart whiling away a rainy afternoon in the attic by dressing up as an old lady.

Robert C. Benchley.

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Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Back to Methuselah. *Garrick*.—Third week of the second cycle of the first tiresome Shaw play.

The Bat. *Morosco*.—You are supposed to guess who did all the killing and robbing and burning. Ten to seven you don't.

Bulldog Drummond. *Knickerbocker*.—A grand time if you're not too dignified.

The Cat and the Canary. *National*.—Terrific nervous strain which should not be missed.

The First Fifty Years. *Princess*.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Hairy Ape. *Provincetown*.—Eugene O'Neill's latest and most powerful work.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Fulton*.—A beautiful presentation of Andreyev's tragedy of the circus.

The Hindu. *Comedy*.—To be reviewed next week.

Lawful Larceny. *Republic*.—Unimpressive material made into a pretty interesting play, chiefly by Margaret Lawrence, Gail Kane and Lowell Sherman.

The National Anthem. *Henry Miller's*.—Laurette Taylor in the pulpit exhorting sinners to repentance.

The Nest. *Forty-Eighth St.*.—A notable performance by Lucile Watson, Christine Norman and others in one of the season's most effective plays.

The Pigeon. *Frazee*.—Galsworthy at his mildest.

Your Woman and Mine. *Klaw*.—A lot of nothing much.

Comedy and Things Like That

Captain Applejack. *Cort*.—An extremely nice evening's entertainment, featuring Wallace Edinger and Mary Nash.

The Czarina. *Empire*.—Doris Keane in history made amusingly spicy.

The Demi-Virgin. *Eltinge*.—What Uncle Eph saw through the peek-hole for a dime.

The Dover Road. *Bijou*.—Delightful English comedy, with Charles Cherry heading an excellent cast.

The First Year. *Little*.—Successfully showing up all imitations.

The French Doll. *Lyceum*.—Irene Bordoni in a play which doesn't give her much chance.

Jenny Jones. *Ritz*.—To be reviewed later.

Just Married. *Nora Bayes*.—What might have been just another bed-room farce made funny by Lynne Overman and respectable by Vivian Martin.

Kiki. *Belasco*.—Lenore Ulric in one of the season's outstanding performances.

Madeleine and the Movies. *Gaiety*.—The *Cohaus, père et fille*, in a fast-moving play about nothing much which manages to be interesting.

The Mountain Man. *Maxine Elliott's*.—A rather weak little piece by Clare Kummer giving Sidney Blackmer a chance to shine.

The Rubicon. *Hudson*.—Intimate glimpses into French marital functions. Pretty bad.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris*.—Ernest Truex and June Walker in a sure-fire portrayal of suburban troubles.

Thank You. *Longacre*.—More pay for preachers somehow made into the theme for an interesting play.

To the Ladies! *Liberty*.—Containing, among other things, some of the most grateful satire we have ever listened to.

The Truth About Blaids. *Booth*.—Reviewed in this issue.

Up the Ladder. *Playhouse*.—Old-fashioned playwriting directed at new-fashioned goings-on.

Voltaire. *Plymouth*.—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador*.—Real music, most of it written by Franz Schubert and inoffensively adapted.

The Blue Kitten. *Selwyn*.—Musical comedy of regulation mold, with Joseph Cawthorn.

The Blushing Bride. *Astor*.—Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield.

Bombo. *Fifty-Ninth St.*.—Al Jolson in fine form and a fair show.

Chauve-Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*.—Russian entertainers in a pleasant re-hash of old stuff.

For Goodness Sake. *Lyric*.—The Astaires dance in it.

Good Morning Dearie. *Globe*.—A good all-around show.

The Hotel Mouse. *Shubert*.—Frances White with a batch of new songs.

Just Because. *Earl Carroll*.—To be reviewed next week.

Marjolaine. *Broadhurst*.—Peggy Wood in a very pleasant musical version of "Pomander Walk."

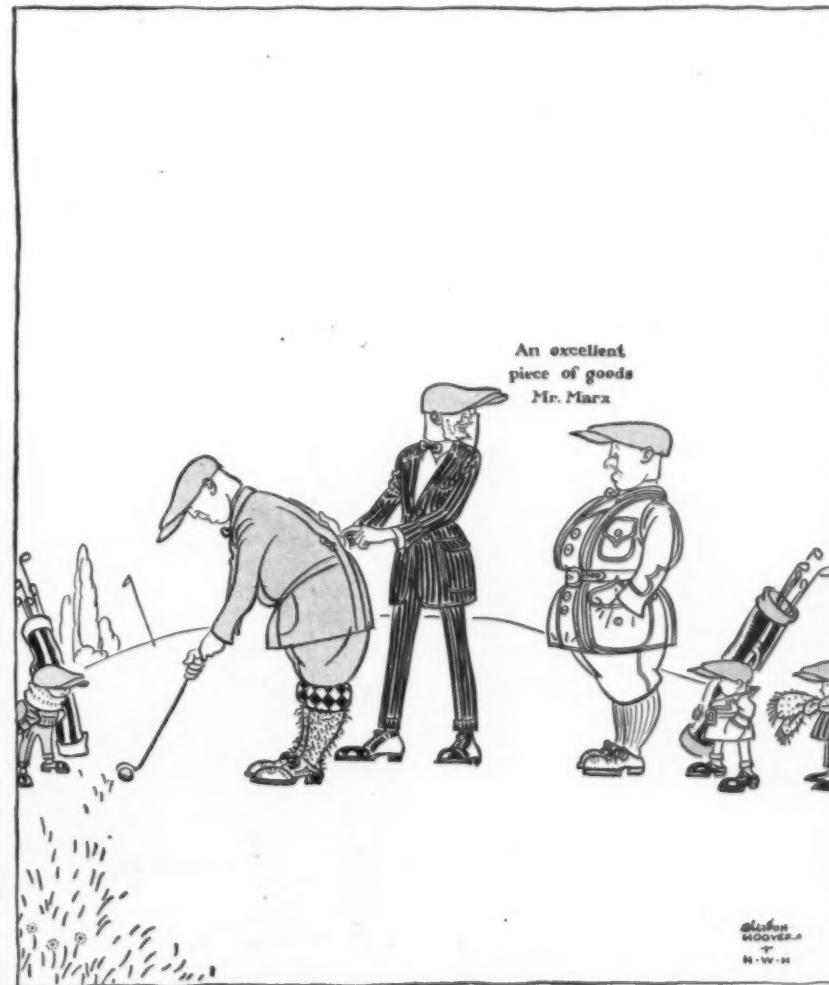
The Music Box Revue. *Music Box*.—Nothing seems to affect the popularity of this expensive entertainment.

The Perfect Fool. *George M. Cohan's*.—Ed Wynn in a great deal of trouble.

The Rose of Stamboul. *Century*.—Another great big spectacular show, with Tessa Kosta and Jim Barton.

Sally. *New Amsterdam*.—Crowds still seem to be going in, so it must still be running.

Tangerine. *Casino*.—Julia Sanderson singing sweetly.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY

No. 31. Messrs. Hart, Schaffner and Marx make up a threesome.



"Thank heaven, Easter's here. I gave up three fiancés during Lent."

The Generacy of Normalcy

WHEN a Distinguished Person sprang the word "normalcy" upon an unprepared Republic, little more than one long year ago, the *grammatici*, as Sir Gilbert Murray calls them, suddenly sat up and took notice. Some grinned. Some were shocked and grieved, and protested that, according to the best traditions of the English language, the word could not have any kind of legacy outside of geometry. Others, with more loyalty to their party obligations, said that in spite of its unusualcy, the word was perfectly all right, and no good Republican should make a face at it. So the conflict raged with considerable personalcy for about three months.

Then what happened? Everybody was using the word with an evident partialcy for it. Even the Literary Aristocrats who write the advertisements for ready-made clothing, and the Princes of the Pen who compose political addresses for Overworked Statesmen, employed the word with an air of familiarity. It was not only domiciled in these United States; it was entirely at home, and brought forth offspring with amazing fertilcy. Softly and smoothly its somnolent charm spread over the majorcy of writers and speakers and they produced like words with every appearance of originalcy. There was a genialcy about the process which was full of irresistiblcy. No one could oppose it without being accused of formalcy, which in these days is the

worst kind of criminalcy. So this one gentle little word, "normalcy," won its way without brutalcy, was received with cordialcy everywhere, and began its triumphant march towards universalcy of influence.

Wonderful language, English-as-she-is-spoke in the New Era! Real Intellectualcy has a great chance with it, and Distinguished Persons have an almost unlimited power to promote the popularity of normalcy. *H. v. D.*

A Consuming Passion

TWO weeks gone! Could it be possible? Two weeks of glorious sailing and swimming, and to-morrow he must leave it all and go back to the boring routine of the hot city. Two weeks gone and still he was no nearer to the solution than he had been on the night of his arrival. Gladys was glorious—with lovely light hair and exquisite coloring. Hortense was charming—with her big black eyes and laughing lips. Each was perfect and desirable. For two weeks he had bathed, sailed or danced with one or the other or both, and each night he had asked himself, Which? and even now on the last night of his vacation he could not answer. If something would only happen—some danger to both, such as an overturned boat—to force a choice. That night he had danced all evening first with Gladys, then with Hortense—walked on the beach first with Hortense, then with Gladys—smoked a cigarette first with Gladys, then with Hortense, and passionately stolen a farewell kiss first from Hortense and then from Gladys. After which he had gone up to bed, very miserable and horribly in love, but with whom? Suddenly he was awakened by the fire gong. The bellboys ran through the corridors of the hotel calling, "FIRE! FIRE!" He jumped up, ran out into the hall, thought of Hortense, thought of Gladys—and then slid down the rope-ladder by himself!

D. H. B.



Newspaper Proprietor: What great useful thing are we turning our forests into every day, Gerald?

Gerald: Baseball bats.



"Do ye favor this here soldiers' bonus?"

"Well, it's like this: if I sh'd fall into the crick and you'd pull me out so'st I wouldn't drown, and I'd offer ye a dollar'n a half with ten per cent. off fer cash, wot'd ye think o' me?"

"The Voice With the Smile Wins"

IT was their first separation from each other. In the anguish of farewell he had forgotten a packet of necessary papers. When he reached his hotel, he called her on the telephone.

"Hello, Darling," he began; "what I want—"

"Oh, you Duck," she broke in, "just to think of you calling me half-way across the country."

"What I called for was—"

"I know; just to tell me you love me. You're so sweet and considerate—"

"The reason I called—"

"You're so extravagant, but I surely appreciate it. Did you have a nice trip?"

"Yes—!"

"Oh, how could you! The idea of enjoying yourself away from me."

"No! I mean—the reason I called—"

"Just for that you must ask my forgiveness."

"The reason I called—"

"Say you want to be forgiven! Say it! Quickly!"

"I do!"

"Say it."

"Consider it said! The reason—"

"No, that won't do. You must say it!"

"For Heaven's sake, say what?"

"Say, 'Darling, won't you forgive me?'"

"Now, Bess, don't be absurd."

"Oh, I'm absurd, am I, because I ask you to do a simple thing that any gentleman should do. I suppose because I am married to you now you don't have to act like a gentleman."

"Aw, now, Bess."

"Well, say you're sorry."

"Oh, all right—I'm sorry."

"Don't say it like that. Say, 'Darling, I'm sorry I hurt you.'"

"Darling, I'm sorry I hurt you."

"And I won't do it again."

"No."

"Say it."

"I do."

"But you must say it. Repeat after me, 'I promise not to do it again.'"

"I promise not to do it again."

"That's my own boy. Now I've got a surprise for you."

"Well, what is it? Make it snappy."

"George Bassett, I will not be talked to like that."

"I didn't mean it, Dear. Honestly."

"I am not so sure of that. Only this morning I read in the papers—"

"You mustn't believe all you see in the papers."

"Isn't that funny? I was telling Mrs. Pettyman. And she said—"

"I don't care what she said—"

"Well, there's no need to snap my head off. She's awfully nice. She—"

"Now, Bess, listen to me—"

"Oh, dear, there's the doorbell."

"But, Bess, listen. The reason I—"

"Hurry, Darling; I can't wait another second. What is it?"

"The reason I called you up—"

"Yes, please say it. I must—"

"The reason—"

"Yes, Dear—"

"Good God! I've forgotten why I called you."

"You brute! Good-by!"

"But, Bess—"

"Party disconnected."

P. F. Hanley.



Through Hollywood With Gun and Camera

LOS ANGELES, California (By *Wire*). After all, Hollywood is a vastly overrated place. Although I have been observing it for as much as ten days, I have attended no orgies (and as heaven is my witness I have spared no effort in trying to locate them). I have seen no murders and I have been offered no cocaine, hasheesh or bhang. Someone told me that he had a friend who knew a man who made fairly good beer in his kitchen, but that is the only sign of lawlessness that I have observed.

However, I have not lost hope. Before long I expect to be able to announce that I have found the man who makes the beer.

SUPERFICIALLY, Hollywood has somewhat the appearance of a quiet college town. The studios take the place of the university buildings and the picture people take the place of the students. All the stores are catering to this one group and display their wares accordingly.

Behind the town is Mount Hollywood, with a tremendous "H" engraved near its summit. This, too, carries out the collegiate atmosphere, as though the letter had been carved there to commemorate some notable football victory like "Hollywood 28—Culver City 3."

I believe that there is something of the kind on the cliff above New Haven, Conn.

THE movie people themselves—the actors, directors, camera men, stage hands, et al—are in no way extraordinary. They do not seem to take themselves or their work very seri-

ously. They are perfectly willing to admit that many of their pictures contain a certain element of hokum. One particularly attractive young star informed me that she is hungry for New York because she wants "the chance to see a regular show."

They all work hard when they are on duty in the studios (and it seems to be peculiarly dull, tiresome work), but out of office hours they are for the most part casual and easy-going, and no one seems to worry very much whether school keeps or not.

OF the various studios, Universal City is unquestionably the largest, but at the time of my visit there was little activity there and I saw nothing much except some left-over sets and properties from Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives."

In the Ince Studio I saw a scene of the interior of Westminster Abbey being converted into a Bowery cabaret. This studio, by the way, is the most beautiful of all, resembling from the front a stately Southern mansion, with an imposing, green-liveried Negro butler at the door. There were no mint juleps, however.

I PAID a formal call at the home of young Jackie Coogan and was treated to a recital that included poetry, riddles and impersonations. It is not difficult to understand the tremendous success that this seven-year-old child has suddenly achieved, for in spite of all the attention that has been showered on him, and all the praise, he is singularly naive and unspoiled.

Much of this same quality was evident in the delightful personality of

Harold Lloyd, who is actually as comic as he seems. I went out on location with him and watched him do a scene, laughing immeasurably at his antics.

AT the Paramount Studio I saw four companies at work, two of which were filming what appeared to be death-bed scenes. It was horribly realistic. The patients may have recovered after I left, but it seemed to me at the time that there was little hope.

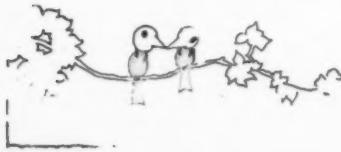
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS showed me the settings of his huge new picture—in which he is to be Robin Hood—and gave a remarkable exhibition of archery. He also persuaded me to sit down on his trick sofa, which is electrically wired and gives one a terrific shock. We all had a hearty laugh at this.

THREE have been other studios visited, including Christie's, Charles Ray's, Buster Keaton's, Rex Ingram's, Goldwyn's, Norma Talmadge's and Charlie Chaplin's, and these will be described next week. In the meantime, the committee on investigation of iniquitous Hollywood is hard at it, and if we don't find anything sensational it won't be our fault.

Ard by the way, I attended a ball given by the inhabitants of this notorious community themselves. In all the vast crowd, which included everyone of any note in Hollywood, I observed only two people who were degraded enough to carry flasks.

The other one was Mr. Arthur James, who is also in the magazine business in New York.

Robert E. Sherwood.



THE TIRE COMPETITION OF TOMORROW

THERE has been more advance in the *art of tire making* in the past five years than in almost any other one thing.

That so many of these advances originated with the makers of U. S. Tires is perhaps aside from the point.

The concern of the car-owner himself is how he is going to benefit.

* * *

If tire manufacturers make no attempt to outrival each other in quality, where does the tire user get his consideration?

The makers of United States Tires urge upon everybody—manufacturer and dealer alike—a new kind of competition.

For the production of United States Tires there is erected and operating the greatest group of tire factories in the world.

A leadership that has recorded itself with the public. The outstanding example of what faithful quality and sound economy can do when it is patient enough to prove itself to a whole nation.

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are Good Tires**

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United States  Rubber Company

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Factories

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Rubber Organization in the World

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Let us compete for more and more *public confidence*.

Let us compete for higher and higher *quality*.

Let us compete for still more *dependable public service*.

This has been the developed U. S. Policy over a period of many years.

Today at present prices U. S. Tires are the biggest money's worth any motorist ever rode upon.





“Dear Sir or Madam”

While in Manila recently an army officer engaged as a servant a young Filipino boy who had obtained his knowledge of English largely from books. One morning, as the Filipino boy entered his room, the officer was surprised to receive this greeting:

“Good morning, I hope you are well. He or she as the case may be.”

—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

A New Dignity

It's a great event in a boy's life when he reaches the age of 11 or 12 and buys a sack of candy for his little girl friend without her asking him, “Whereja get the money?”—Kansas City Star.

Not Proven

PHILIP: I see Hal is a golfer. He's got a new set of clubs in his room.

MORRIS: That's nothing; I've got a pocket full of nickels, but I'm no conductor.—Wesleyan Wasp.

An all-American flapper, describing her latest beau in a note to a friend, wrote that he was “very sheik.”

—New York World.



THE GREAT EDUCATOR OF YOUTH
—Numero (Turin).

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office, \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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Ain't It the Truth?

Paid notice in a Southern paper: “It is a fact that someone has told around that I, Charlie Spilberger, has been running a distill out in West Fork neighborhood. Now you have a perfect right, come one come all and look all over my place and prove it was a violation of the truth. And then, kind friends, beware of the humble man or woman that has got so little to do as to start a falsehood of this kind, and to the one that actually did the act I haven't got much to say only that in my mind if it is possible for our Father which art in Heaven to despise a human being I would judge that one to be a split-tongued slanderer, liar, and cloven-footed snake in the grass. Thanking you all I remain still a citizen of the U. S. A.

“(Signed) Charlie Spilberger.”
—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Art of Facial Expression

“Dearest,” he said, sighing like a furnace, “it doesn't seem like the same old smile you used to give me.”

“Oh, no, Jack,” replied the sweet thing, “this is a new one. I have been studying at a school of dramatic art.”

—Florida Times-Union.

By the Sideshow Tent

“Is the bearded lady your mamma?”
“No, she's my daddy.”

—Kasper (Stockholm).



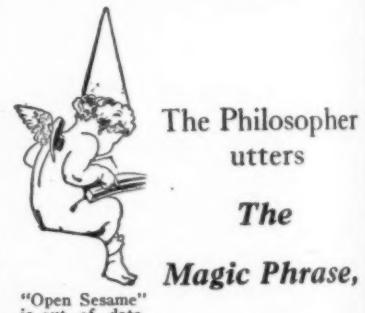
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The Young Hopeful

BOLTED fast is Winter's door,
Spring, sweet Spring is here once
more.

Charming, fickle, wilful Spring,
What enchantments do you bring?
Crocuses and daffodils,
Sniffing colds and camphor pills;
Stirring sap and bursting bud,
Balmy airs and oozing mud;
Radishes and violets,
Hungry bards with triolets;
Brilliant sun and sudden showers,
Lazy days and crowded hours.
You must work with speed, young
Spring,

Hurry up and have your fling;
Life is short for you, Newcomer,
You'll grow up to be a Summer.

G. K. D.

In 1999

HE was a small man, almost insignificant in appearance. Yet he seemed to exercise a mysterious power over everyone with whom he came into contact.

A frown from him, and mobs trembled. A sigh, and whole cities hushed their tongues in anguish. A shiver, and a nation watched in breathless apprehension.

"Who is he," asked the visitor to the United States, "the despotic ruler of this country?"

"In a way, yes," answered the native. "To understand the great power he wields, you must recall some of our history," he continued in explanation. "At the beginning of our Inhibition Era, our honored forefathers created a force of so-called Prohibition Enforcement agents to attend to the first of our moral laws.

"As time went on and more prohibitory amendments were added to our constitution, executive departments became larger and more numerous. It was found, too, that additional government employees were needed to force the enforcement of each law by those originally employed for that purpose.

"Thus the elimination process in government began, State servants becoming so numerous that they outnumbered private citizens. Carried on to the present day, this process has resulted finally in despotism in its worst form.

"That man is an absolute tyrant in this one-democratic land. He has power of life and death. The government must bow to his slightest whim.

"He is," the native explained in tones of fearful awe, "the sole remaining taxpayer in the United States, and his word is the only law we know now."

J. K. McG.

FLUB: What do you think of Czechoslovakia?

DUB: Well, it's hard to say.



"What a relief—to be free
from embarrassment in close
contact or crowded places!"

The Dainty Woman says "Mum is the word!"

WHEN after active exercise on a warm day—tennis, golf, or even walking—you would like to sit around for a while and talk, and feel entirely free from the odor of perspiration—

"Mum" is the word.

Or when, at the dance or other crowded social gathering, you want to enjoy the comfortable assurance that you are entirely free from body odors—

"Mum" is the word.

Think what it means to be always free from this embarrassment—no matter how warm the weather, how crowded the gathering, or how active you are—

"Mum" is the word.

"Mum" is a dainty snow-white cream, which prevents all body odors without checking perspiration or interfering with any function of the body.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send us \$1 and your dealer's name and address, and we'll send you "Mum" Amoray and Evans's Depilatory Outfit postpaid. Or send 50c for "Mum" and Amoray. Use this coupon.



You can use "Mum" as often as you like. It does not irritate the skin nor injure the finest waist or gown.

Get "Mum" today—25c at stores or from us by mail.

The Dainty Woman also needs a safe method of removing hair from the underarms. Evans's Depilatory Outfit is easy to use, acts quickly and leaves the skin smooth and comfortable. Comes complete, ready for your dressing table—75c.

Also try Amoray, the delicate talc with a delightful, clinging fragrance that lasts all day—really a Powder Perfume—rich yet delicate, and only to be compared with imported talcs. 35c at stores, or from us by mail postpaid.

But "Mum" is the word. Every dainty woman needs "Mum."

Mum Mfg. Co. May, 1922
1108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

I enclose..... Please
send me the articles checked below.

"Mum" 25c "Amoray" 35c
 Special Offer "Mum" and "Amoray" 50c
 Evans's Depilatory Outfit—75c
 Special Offer (all three)—\$1

Name

Address

City

Dealer's Name }

Dealer's Address }

MUM MFG. CO., 1108 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA
"Mum" Amoray Talc Evans's Depilatory Outfit Evans's Cucumber Jelly Elder Flower Eye Lotion

A LOVELY complexion is the exemplification of refinement. Pears' Soap has been "Matchless for the Complexion" Since 1789

"Good morning!
Have you used Pears' Soap?"

Pears'
SOAP



CORROBORATED

"You can't lend me a couple of dollars?"
"Sure enough, but how did you know it?"
—Klods-Hans (Copenhagen)

OUR FOOLISH
CONTEMPORARIES

"Videlicet"

A monarch—Cambyses, viz.—To his partner at bridge said: "Miz??" But when twice he'd revoked, Said his partner, provoked: "Your play, sire, is hardly iz??" —London Daily News.

High Praise

"Are those eggs fresh?" "Fresh, mum?" replied the veracious dealer, in confidential tones. "I'll tell you how fresh they are, mum. Suppose a friend of mine was to come and say, 'Henry Tripe, I've got a quart of the finest liquor that was ever tasted by mortal man. I'm going to make a little eggnog and I want you to be at the party.' Well, mum," continued the dealer, after a dramatic pause, "them's the eggs I'd give him." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

Modern Styles

TAILOR (measuring customer): And how will you have the hip pocket, sir? For a flask or revolver?

—New York Herald.

Shepherding the Flock

The candors of the brethren are illuminating. An American evangelist was engaged by a church for a week's special mission. On his arrival he went to see the minister.

"What sort of church have you here?" he inquired.

"Well," replied the pastor, "I am afraid things are pretty bad. The people are worldly and careless, the congregations are small, there is no interest in missions, no one comes to a prayer-meeting, dances and card parties go on all through the week, and the people are indifferent to the claims of religion."

"Well," sneered the evangelist, "if I had a church with members like that, I'd go out and hire a yellow dog to bite 'em."

"Yes," said the minister, "that's what we've done." —Christian Register.

Asleep at the Switch

A man who believed he knew all about parrots undertook to teach what he thought to be a young mute bird to say "Hello!" in one lesson. Going up to its cage he repeated that word in a clear voice for several minutes, the parrot paying not the slightest attention. At the final "Hello!" the bird opened one eye, gazed at the man and snapped out "Line's busy!" —Boston Transcript.

Nothink Wotever

FIRST COCKNEY WORKMAN: What d'you think of this Irish question, Alf?

SECOND WORKMAN (after long pause): Blowed if I know what to think, Bert. I don't know what I do think. I don't think I think anythink abait it.

—Town Topics (London).

Oft in the Stilly Night

"Bandits hold drinking bout in Los Angeles man's cellar." Which recalls the Abe Martin classic of a year ago:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ez Pash wuz awakened at an early hour this mornin' by burglars singin' in the cellar." —Kansas City Star.

Inexcusable Ignorance

TEACHER (to little boy): Don't you know who Columbus was, child? Shame on you—having an egg-dealer for a father! —Karikaturen (Christiania).

"The prevailing fashion-note this season," says a contemporary, "will be shapeliness." This ought to be easy.—Punch.

The BILTMORE
MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Dancing in the Supper Room
Tea in the Palm Room
Friday Morning Musicales

JOHN McE. BOWMAN,
President



Member of Beauty Chorus: Do you know of anything to preserve the complexion?

Fair Rival: Why? Do you know somebody who has one?
—*Royal Magazine (London).*

Through Dungeon Walls

The Mysterious Message

THE gale had subsided and the roar of the winds had given place to the soft swish of the snow. Wearily, Olga Petrinoff had leaned against the window of her cell watching the workmen erect a gallows. Suffering had brought to her callousness and she had watched the grim structure going up without a tremor, though she knew its intended victim to be herself. With the coming of darkness they had ceased work; their saws were still, their hammers silent. What, then, thought Olga idly, could that rap—rap—rap be? Softly but distinctly it hammered its way into her consciousness and she realized that someone was trying to attract her attention. Boris had once in happier days taught her how to send messages in code. Someone was using the same code now. "Olga, Olga," rapped the unknown, "do not be down-hearted, friends are near, The Woods of Irkutsk, the Woods of Irkutsk." A voice under her window laughed raucously, a voice that had the power to make her, even when, as now, she was walking in the valley of the shadow, turn pale with fear; the voice of the man who made her look upon death with relief, Nicholas Nicholovitch. "Tell me, Olga; tell me, what shall we find in the Woods of Irkutsk?" "Trees," replied Olga.

Harvey Kent.

PROFESSOR: Young man, don't you know you set the young boys a bad example by your smoking?

YOUNG MAN: Well, Doctor, if I wait till all the boys grow up, when shall I smoke?

TIFFANY & Co.

PEARLS JEWELRY SILVERWARE

TIFFANY & Co. QUALITY A TRADITION

ALL MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Avoid the Rough Channel Crossing
this summer by flying in
luxurious Daimler Hire air-
liners from
London to Paris
Apply to any tourist agency
or write for booklet.
DAIMLER HIRE, LTD.
244 Madison Ave., New York.



Comfort
Sport
Speed

WHITE MOUNTAIN Refrigerators
"The Chest with the Chill init"
Built on scientific principles
and tested by use
"in over a million homes"
Easy to clean—economical—
durable and efficient.
Sold in every city and important
town in the United States. Send for
handsome catalogues and booklets.
Maine Manufacturing Co.
Nashua, N. H. Established 1874
Look for the name White Mountain
Cuts your ice bill.

A New Menace

IT appears that some unemotional and wholly uninspired people, actuated solely by crass scientific ambitions, are going about having wireless apparatus installed at country clubs, so that on Sunday morning the wireless telephone will give off the week's sermon by the local clergyman, for the benefit of those who are waiting to drive off, and for the idlers who sit on the piazza.

Hitherto, the moral stability of golf has been beyond doubt. The links have been the last refuge of those who wished to preserve what character and liberty might be left after paying the week's indebtedness. But now, God help us!

RICH men build fine homes, and wise ones marry the widows.

You Designed this Motorcycle

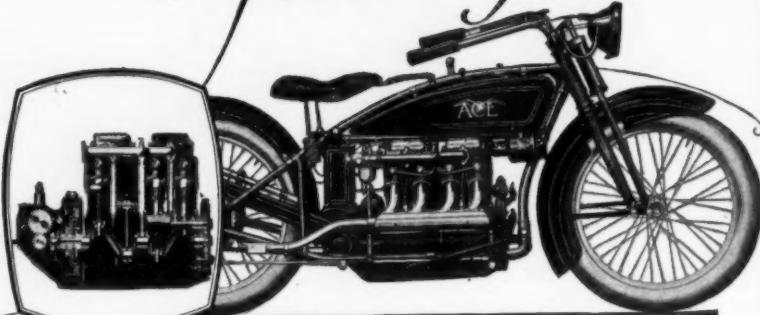


Diagram of the Ace Four-Cylinder Motor

The features you believe a motorcycle ought to have you will find in the Ace.

INSTANT response like the dashing action of a thoroughbred, daring speed and astounding hill-climbing power, or the comfort of a slow swinging gait that eats up miles with perfect rhythm—such is the performance of the New Ace Four-Cylinder Motorcycle.

You'll thrill as it slips away at the slightest twist of the wrist. You'll marvel at its pep on steep grades. You'll find it hard to believe there's a gasoline motor under you—so silent, clean and vibrationless is the Ace Four.

You and thousands of other motorcycle riders helped design this machine. It was built with those features which we learned you wanted and needed, but which were so impossible to find. It was your opinion that helped make the Ace so perfect, that made possible this new kind of motorcycle transportation. Don't miss another day of it. Go to the Ace dealer now. Get a demonstration. If you don't know the Ace dealer, write us for illustrated descriptive catalog and his name and address.

ACE



DEALERS—

Limited territory is still open to a few responsible dealers. Send for complete agency particulars.

ACE MOTOR CORPORATION
Erie Ave. and Sepviva St., PHILADELPHIA, PA., U.S.A.

The Super-Expert At Work

THE Efficiency Expert had summoned all the factory employees—one thousand men, women and children—to listen to his recommendations. Work had been suspended at nine o'clock and a great throng had gathered. At ten o'clock the Efficiency Expert entered the great auditorium. Removing his overcoat and hanging it on a chair with the same motion, he faced his audience with a confidence seen only in \$25,000-a-year men. For

two hours he surveyed the work of the factory, then turning to the Board of Directors he said:

"I would recommend that when a stenographer licks a stamp she employ a left-to-right movement of the hand against the tongue."

After which he picked up and put on his coat with the same motion, and departed, stopping at the office of the paymaster on his way out.

What Shall We Do With Our Minds?

MINDS in all ages have been subjected to so much discussion, and the best of them have been so petted and spoiled and generally praised—is it not high time that we made some personal inquiry about them, in order to discover what is our own individual responsibility? There isn't a thing in the world that hasn't been done to our minds by others. Are our minds guilty? When necessary, should they not be protected from attack? For a long time now they have been held up and beaten up and variously assaulted by educational systems, by psychologists and biologists and reformers and moralists, until it is a wonder there is anything left of them. In many cases there isn't.

The first thing that we must see clearly is the difference between our own minds and the Universal Mind. We are fairly well acquainted with our own minds, because we can't get rid of them. They are always hanging around, waiting to be fed up with something or other. Unless we keep them occupied and give them a certain amount of exercise, they are apt to kick down the stable doors and raise hob. And so we come into contact with them just enough to know what is best to keep them quiet, and let it go at that. Sometimes they get out of bounds, but if they are licked into shape they are often profitable; they are much more profitable, however, when we do the job ourselves than when we rely upon recipes and outsiders. So much for our own minds.

Now, the Universal Mind is the source from which we get most of our own mental supplies, and this Universal Mind is the thing that we have worshiped too long and too ardently. America has sat at the feet of the Universal Mind long enough. It is

\$1.00 POSTPAID

"NO-NIC"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Hygienic Holder

for those who enjoy cigarette smoking

The only hygienic cigarette holder endorsed by physicians. With NO-NIC, you get only the joys out of smoking. No Nicotine. No dust particles. No ugly stained teeth nor fingers. No smokers throat. It's light and graceful. With its lipless grip, it's a boon to ladies who indulge as well as to gentlemen who care.

Each holder packed individually with an ample supply of filters in a charming jeweler's box.

Send \$1.00 and NO-NIC holder will be mailed to you postpaid.

E.M. SMITH, Room 427, 2 Broadway, N.Y.

time for America to wake up and to realize that there is something else in the world besides this Mind. For many generations now the scientists have been feeding this Universal Mind with facts and figures. They fed it so full of chemical formulas that during a period of four years it emitted scarcely anything else but high explosives and poisonous gases. They fed it on electricity, and now you can go almost anywhere in a jiffy, when in nine cases out of ten you would be much better off if you hadn't started. This Universal Mind has created around us so much machinery that we are like a lot of flies in a wire trap. We can see the sun and moon and stars, and can feel the breeze from Heaven; we praise our nice crawling and think we are getting somewhere, but we always miss the hole that leads outside.

* * *

The only difference between us exalted beings and the poor old despised flies, is that the flies got caught in a cage that somebody else set for them, whereas we made the cage for ourselves. And now in our great wisdom we think that we can drag the sun, moon and stars inside where we can handle them better. Lord love you, we are no nearer to them than we were when Adam and Eve thought they were right next to universal knowledge in an apple core.

* * *

On every side, as far as the vision reaches, the Mind has built up vast structures that make the senses blind with admiration. And this great Universal Mind is the real culprit. It is guilty of robbing men of their souls. What men feel, and not what they think, is of lasting importance. What men felt yesterday, and not what they thought, is the only thing that keeps us going to-day in the right direction.

T. L. M.



Old King Coal
Wuzza hard-
ened old soul;
Sez he, "I'll do
Just as I please.
For the average
Man I don't
Givva damn,
And I don't
Draw the line at his nibs,
Uncle Sam—
You kin all go to Hades or freeze!"



You Will See Prettier teeth—safer teeth—in a week

We will send for the asking a new-method tooth paste. Modern authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

To millions of people it has brought whiter, safer, cleaner teeth. It will bring them to you and yours. See and feel the delightful results and judge what they mean to you.

Removes the film

It removes the film—that viscous film you feel. No old method ever did that effectively.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It dims the teeth and leads to attacks on them. It is the cause of most tooth troubles. Those troubles have been constantly increasing, because old methods failed to combat film effectively.

These effects will delight you

Pepsodent removes the film. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva—the factor which digests starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—the factor which neutralizes acids.

Every application brings these five

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of internal troubles.

Ways to combat it

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now dentists the world over are urging their adoption.

These methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every modern requirement. And a ten-day test is now supplied to everyone who asks.

effects. The film is combated, Nature's forces are multiplied. The benefits are quickly apparent.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Compare the new way with the old, then decide for yourself which is best. Cut out the coupon now. This is too important to forget.

Pepsodent
PAT.OFF.
REG.U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Ten-Day Tube Free ⁶⁷⁴

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 907, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....
Only one tube to a family.

Jim Henry's Column

An Interesting Theory

You may have noticed during the past year, at the bottom of my column, this little phrase, "Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show."

An advertising expert gave me the theory. He said that if a man sees a simple, true statement about an article repeated often enough, he is bound to believe it in the end and buy.

There must be something in it, for our sales on Mennen Talcum for Men have increased not quite 100%.

I don't understand such things myself. Advertising gets more mysterious to me every day. For example, I am going to devote this whole column to telling you about our Talcum for Men. When I get through, you will know how good it is and how necessary to after-shaving and after-bathing comfort, and you will fully intend to buy a box at once. Yet I may have to keep reminding you for months, before you try it.

It is unfortunate for men that talcum was used first on babies, and second, on noses. I suppose if soap had started as a beautifier, most men would still be too proud to use it.

Now, Talcum is simply a skin soother and protector. It supplies a fairy, gauze-like film which covers sensitive skin and protects it from wind, sun and the friction of clothing.

After shaving, your pores are open and your skin is sensitive, especially so where collar rubs against your neck. Talcum protects it. Of course, Talcum makes your face feel smooth and silky, but that is unimportant, except to the amorous.

Mennen Talcum for Men is a regular male powder, made and mildly perfumed exclusively for men. Being neutral in tone, it doesn't show when used after shaving. A Talcum shower after your bath will make you feel cool and loose for hours. Of course, if you are one of these big fellows who chafe and get all raw in hot weather, you need Kora-Konia, but for general, every day, all over comfort, try Mennen Talcum for Men.

The druggist round the corner sells it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



LIFE

And So It Goes

THE Spirit of Progress was walking majestically along the road to Eternity when he saw a muffled figure sitting at the side, her head bowed in slumber. Approaching her, he shook her and said:

"Who are you?"

"I am a National Conscience."

"Then get up. It is my business to awaken such as you."

"Thank you. I am awakened. Please send word to all editorial writers that I am awakened."

"I shall do so at once."

The Spirit of Progress wrote out the message to the editorial writers, and passed along, much edified at his valuable service to posterity.

The National Conscience waited until he was out of sight. Then, composing herself once more, she wrapped the drapery of her couch about her and observed with a slight yawn:

"Now for another long sleep."

Take Your Choice

WHAT is the matter with business? It is overproduction. The supply of the necessities of life is so short that people cannot afford to pay the prices. European countries cannot pay us what they owe us. If they could pay us, they would flood our markets, which would make matters worse than at present—assuming such a thing to be possible. Crime is too common. We have never been so free from crime—the reports are cooked up by sensationalists. The buyers are on strike. Plenty of goods are being sold, but the profits are too small. The banks won't lend. There is no trouble about money, but we can't get rid of our old stocks. There are too many people. There are too few people.

And the real reason? We're long on politicians and short on character; high on taxes and low on thrift; deep on vulgar pleasures and shallow on self-discipline.

Whenas

WHEN Isobel sashes
In sloppy galoshes,
I think of the swaying
Anemone playing
With Zephyr who passes,—
Of billowy grasses,
Of rivulets flowing,
Of thistledown blowing,—
Butterflies airy-winged,
Humming-birds fairy-winged,
Bright in their metalling,
Lightly unpetalling
Roses;—of thrushes
And bluebirds on rushes
Delightfully swinging
And lilting and singing.
Such dreams, in their total,
I find antidotal
When Isobel sashes
In sloppy galoshes.

Arthur Guiterman.

Say it with flowers



Why grope for words?

Flowers can so truthfully and beautifully express you.

CONGRATULATIONS
in cold words lack warmth.
Send flowers.

"Happy returns of the day" means little, alone, for birthdays. Send flowers.

Weddings and anniversaries are so beautifully commemorated with a gift of flowers:

Flowers never oversay, never undersay, never are in poor taste: Just ask your florist.

Remember that with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service flowers may be telegraphed in a few hours to any address in the United States or Canada.



THE LATEST Books

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Charles Scribner's Sons). The obligation of making a new vocabulary ever lies heavy upon the rising generation. Without its own language where indeed would youth be? Take away all of the young terms—those expressions which for want of a better word we call "smart"—and what would remain? Think of all the young fry suddenly talking the language of the old; or reverse the process. All this inevitable directness is what constitutes the chief merit of this book and makes it worth while, in spite of its utterly banal and dreary round of drinks. It seems to us quite beside the mark to criticize the characters and declare they are bad, "unrelieved," etc. Mr. Fitzgerald has caught and held this Roman atmosphere which Petronius Arbiter in his palmiest moments would have passed "100." It is what he has seen and felt and recast for his audience with the smart phrasing of youth. The fault of the book lies in the fact that the story in itself doesn't amount to anything; it is too shallow, it draws no water; it has no reactions outside its narrow limits. Yet this also needs to be qualified; at the very end, one has to admit a sense of the horrible satire of the whole affair. Is it not after all a tract of the times?

OH, SUSANNA! (A Romance of the Old American Merchant Marine) by Meade Minnigerode (G. P. Putnam's Sons). A historical novel of the sea to be added to one's collection of sea tales; quite below "Moby Dick" and "Two Years Before the Mast" yet respectable and rakish enough at least to be admitted to such immortal company.

We frankly confess that we enjoyed it. But still, all through we were haunted by the feeling that the author's very considerable talents might have been employed to much better purpose. He has sacrificed too much for the sake of popularity. Perhaps he doesn't really know what a good book he is capable of writing.

THE MAN IN RATCATCHER, by Cyril McNeile ("Sapper") (George H. Doran Company). It is very seldom that we have read a book of short stories so continuously good as this one. Being sick and tired to death of the kind of short stories that are turned out monthly in our

Conn Saxophone Book FREE

Send now for your copy; describe opportunities with saxophone; how to use it, singly and in quartets, sextets, etc. Illustrates exclusive improvements which make Conn saxophones all the same most beautiful in tone. Picture scores of stars who use and endorse Conn as the world's finest saxophone. A postcard brings book and details of FREE TRIAL, EASY PAYMENT plan on any Conn instrument.

C. G. CONN, LTD.
421 Conn Building, Elkhart, Indiana.

magazines, we picked up this volume with a lack-lustre eye. But the man can keep you sitting up—he's good!

M R. PIM, by A. A. Milne (George H. Doran Company). The author says in his foreword that he has called this book "Mr. Pim" in the hope that some of those who saw the play may like to become better acquainted with the people in it. We fear this hope will not be realized. Of course Mr. Milne is a good writer—it would be hard to read anything he writes and not get a great deal of pleasure out of it. But this book will not add anything to what he has done. He should have let well enough alone.



Blackheads indicate your cleansing method is wrong

USE the following simple treatment to keep your skin free from blackheads:

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.



The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

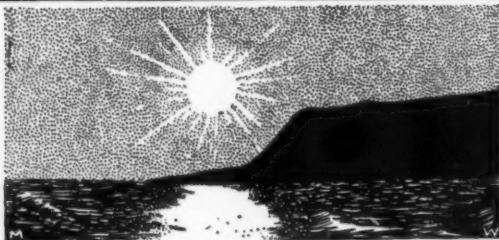
Copyright, 1922, by The Andrew Jergens Co.



Leadership

KEEPING pace with the growth of the city, planning and consistently realizing an adequate capacity, providing equipment that is always the best that can be had in rooms and restaurants, serving food that healthfully satisfies both taste and appetite, and pleasing the best traveling patronage year in and year out with a general goodness of service that makes fastidious persons like to come back—this is the composite ideal of the management of the Hollenden Hotel.

In Cleveland—It's THE HOLLENDEN



The Midnight Sun at North Cape

Summer Cruise to North Europe

The Raymond-Whitcomb Europe Cruise via Iceland to North Cape sails direct from New York, June 28. Various fascinating shore excursions are included. Tours to other parts of Europe have been planned in connection with this Cruise. Cruise Rates \$675 up, including return.

A Luxurious Ship

We have chartered the S. S. "Osterley" of the Orient Line for the exclusive use of cruise members. This luxurious ship (18,100 tons displacement) with broad decks, is ideal for a summer cruise.

A Perfected Itinerary

The meticulously arranged itinerary far exceeds any similar one ever devised, both in scope and variety. Visiting Iceland, the North Cape, Lofoten Islands, Norwegian Fjords, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, England. With spectacular scenery including the Midnight Sun.

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Europe Tours

Best accommodations, freedom from the usual vexations of travel and itineraries full of vital interest, are a few advantages of Raymond-Whitcomb Europe Tours. Send for New Europe Booklet.

Two Round the World Cruises

Sailing January 9 and 16, 1923, on new oil-burning steamships. The S. S. "Resolute" of United American Lines; and the S. S. "Volendam" of the Holland-American Line.

Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

Beacon and Park Streets, Boston
New York—Philadelphia—Chicago—San Francisco—Los Angeles
Paris London



The SUPREME SILKS for MEN'S SHIRTS

The outdoor man knows the shirt of silk to be the most important item of his dress—it's soft-textured fabric yielding to every play of muscle, yet keeping him warm in winter, cool in summer—

But its silk must be one of the

*Empire Loomcraft Silks
famous for beauty and durability*

*Yours for the asking—
The Silks that Set the Fashion
—a booklet worth having*

*The hallmark of distinction in dress is
the Empire Loomcraft Silk label*

EMPIRE SILK COMPANY
315 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK



If You Wish
To be Cheerful and
Learn to Laugh Easily,
Read

Life

and acquire this most beneficial habit of seeing the amusing side of things. It makes for happiness and mental poise and really promotes longevity. Try it yourself for a year, or, Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).
Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

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Contents of the Easter Issue of Any Humorous Magazine

ONE illustrated joke based on the theory that women attend church on Easter morning less to derive benefit from the service than to display their new hats to the congregation.

Three illustrated jokes, variations of the above theme.

One cartoon showing the world wearing an Easter bonnet.

Two illustrated jokes showing the harrowing effect on Father of the bills for his wife's and daughters' Easter finery.

Five jokes, without illustrations, along the above lines.

One poem about the way Grandma used to look in her Easter hat, supposedly written by Grandpa.

One poem comparing the cost of Grandma's Easter hat with the price of those of to-day, intimating that times have changed, and not for the better, since Grandma was a girl.

Three illustrated jokes dealing with the Easter costumes of Avenue A flappers. The joke, in each instance, begins with the words "Hully gee!" supposedly uttered by one of the flappers.

One drawing of the devil gleefully returning to business at the conclusion of Lent.

One drawing of Spring emerging from a large Easter egg.

One drawing entitled, "Little Willie's Dream After Easter Dinner," showing Willie cowering in bed, while a gigan-

tic Easter bunny sits on the footboard.

Poem to Phyllis, congratulating her on the becomingness of her Easter hat.

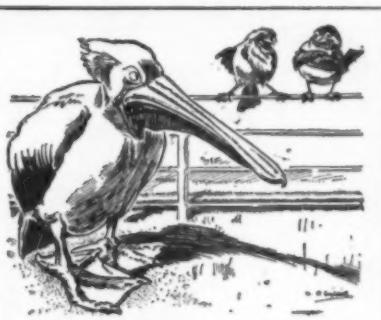
Poem to Phillida, implying that the writer's heart will be found entangled in the trimmings of her Easter hat.

Poem to Amaryllis, stating that the author's affections are held fast by the ribbons that tie her Easter hat.

Poem to Chloe, hinting that though her manner is demure and her eyes innocently cast down, she is not unaware of the devastating effect on the local swains of her Easter hat.

Cartoon of the spirit of peace soaring over a deserted battlefield, entitled, "Easter, 1922."

D. P.



OVERHEARD AT THE ZOO

Sparrow (to his mate): What price 'Erbert 'ere, if 'e gets foot-and-mouth disease?
—Passing Show (London).

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Progression

WHEN I first drew an author's breath
I sang of Love and Life and Death:
Now that I've tasted time and truth
I toss off little songs of youth.
When I have tasted everything—
I'll know enough then not to sing.

V. W. M.

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Cornered

FOUR men sat around a table in the center of a large room. The massive oak paneling, dark rich rugs and heavy armchairs seemed to add to the ominous atmosphere. The only light in the room was a low center drop directly over the table. The air was heavy with tobacco smoke. Somewhere in the outlying shadows a clock gloomily struck two. Three serious faces gazed across at the young man. Finally one said:

"Come, come, Herbert, it's getting late. Just what are you going to do?"

The young man, realizing that he must decide, and decide at once, straightened up in his chair and said in a clear, cool voice:

"I'll double your five diamonds."

"FATHER, what is meant by 'taking your pleasures sadly'?"

"Drinking your cocktail in a demitasse, my son."

MANY a man who would swear to the truth of a thing hesitates to bet on it.

Americans

AMERICANS amuse me: Americans who are wary of anyone who speaks a foreign language, Americans who consider it unmanly to know anything touching upon art, Americans who don't believe there is a single European capital that can hold a candle to Chanute, Kansas, Americans who voted for Prohibition, Americans who address all duchesses as "Say, you," Americans who do not speak English, Americans who talk about their family ancestry, Americans who "do" Europe under the guidance of one Mr. Cook, Americans who think it unpatriotic to praise any foreign work, Americans who patronize the Chatham Bar, Paris, Americans who think George M. Cohan the greatest playwright in the world, Americans who believe Frank Bacon the greatest actor, Americans who are constantly employing the phrases "one hundred per cent," "he-man," and "red-blooded," Americans who live abroad and do nothing but extol the charms of America, Americans who live in America and do nothing but extol the charms of abroad, Americans who wear low, tan buttoned shoes with bulldog toes, and white socks, Americans who wear one-button coats that end two inches above the knees and have a waist line two inches under the armpits, Americans who spring to attention, uncovered, the very second a band strikes up "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

No Bargain

"DEAR John," the wife wrote from a fashionable resort; "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Mary," he responded; "I enclose check to cover the bill, but please do not buy any more hotels at this figure—they are cheating you."



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